

Per Annos



K. D. C.

1954

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June 1954

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Editorial

The future of the world to-day is uncertain. Each day we are made more aware of this by radio, television, newspaper, and newsreel. World peace is threatened by the H-bomb explosions, the Communist danger, war in Indo-China, shaky peace conferences concerning Korea, and bad feeling among European countries.

This year, as in other years, a Matric class is graduating from King's Hall. To this class and to numerous others like it will eventually fall the responsibility of dealing with these world problems. Because of the education given us here by Miss Gillard and members of the Staff we are able to face this task. Quite apart from our academic studies we have learned many things. Girls from different parts of the Western Hemisphere attend King's Hall and all are friends. Harmony among nations may spring from friendships like these, although they seem small and insignificant when one thinks of world affairs. Friendlier relations among the people of different countries will lead to friendlier relations among the governments, and this is one of the goals towards which we are striving. Such co-operation is taught at King's Hall. One example of it is this magazine, as well as numerous school activities which demand co-operation with Miss Gillard, with the Staff, and with each other.

During this period of our lives we are setting the values which we shall hold in later life. We learn to appreciate a simple sight, "The dropping of the daylight in the West", a line of beautiful poetry, a piece of music. Some day when the future looks darker than usual we can look back on these simple things and in them find encouragement. The moral and intellectual standards held by a country are those of the individuals in that country. All of us try to live up to the standards of integrity set by the school while we are here, and we shall carry these standards as our own after we leave. In doing this we shall help to keep high the standards of Canada. If we sometimes stop to wonder why we are trying to improve the world, we can think back to our days here and our questioning minds will be answered.

Some evenings we may sit staring at the "preps" which seem to be never-ending, and we begin to think, "Well, what's the use of trying **that** question again?" But we do try it once more. Suddenly it's amazingly easy, we see our careless mistake, and laugh at ourselves for making it. Later in life we may try a much more important task many times without success, but we shall keep on, for it's only a slightly harder "prep." We can stop for a moment, laugh at ourselves and our mistakes, then tackle the problem again.

We should like to thank Miss Gillard and her Staff at King's Hall for making our days here happy ones which we shall always remember. To the class of 1954 and the classes to follow we wish good luck and success.



Prefects

OLIVIA RORKE—"Liver" Prefect on Macdonald
Cobourg, Ont. 1949-54

"The most completely lost of all days is that on which
one has not laughed"

Favourite Pastime:—Eating raw carrots.

Favourite Expression:—"Well, as a matter of fact"

Activities:—Junior Red Cross 49-50; Dramatics 52-53; Glee Club
53-54; Library Committee 52-54; Ballet 51-52; Magazine
Committee 49-51; House Soccer, Volleyball 51-54.

PATRICIA CREERY—"Patsy" Prefect on Macdonald
Montreal, Que. 1950-54

"Dead she lay among her books,
A peace of heaven was in her looks"

Ambition:—Summering on the Riviera.

Probable Destination:—Spearing flounders? at Metis.

Activities:—Library Committee 51-53; Ballet 51-52; Dramatics
52-53; Ski Team 52-54; House Volleyball, Basketball, Soccer
51-54.

BARBARA GIBAUT—"Bubbles" Prefect on Montcalm
Quebec, Que. 1951-54

"Who knows what lurks beyond those big brown eyes?"

Favourite Expression:—"That's fascinating"

Pet Aversion:—Playing golf in the rain.

Activities:—Choir 52-54; Dramatics 52; Glee Club 53-54; Sports
Captain 52, School Basketball, Soccer 52-54.

SHEILA DOUGLAS LANE Prefect on Montcalm
Pte. Claire, Que. 1951-54

"Shall I draw or shall I work?"

Ambition:—To be famous (somehow).

Probable Destination:—To be notorious.

Activities:—Choir 51-52; Form Captain 52-53; Ballet 51-52;
Dramatics 52-53; Library Committee 51-54; Public Speaking
53; Glee Club 53-54; School Basketball 52-53; House Volley-
ball, Soccer 51-54.

JUDY TAYLOR—"Jud" Prefect on Rideau
Ottawa, Ont. 1950-54

"Born with the gift of laughter and the sense
that the world is mad"

Pet Aversion:—Helen's reducing routines at twelve P.M.

Favourite Expressions:—How-? why-? what-? when-? where?

Activities:—Choir 51-54; Glee Club 53-54; Form Captain 52-53;
Sports Captain 51-52; Public Speaking 53; Dramatics 53;
Magazine Committee 52-53; Music Festival 50; School Soccer,
Basketball 50-54.

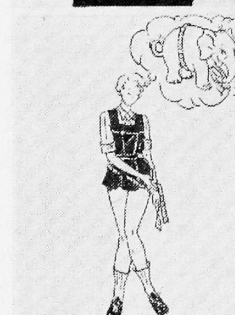
JANET SMITH Prefect on Rideau
Thetford Mines, Que. 1951-54

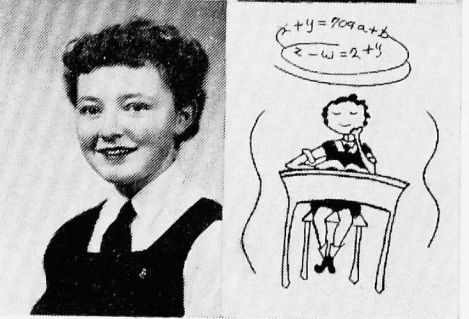
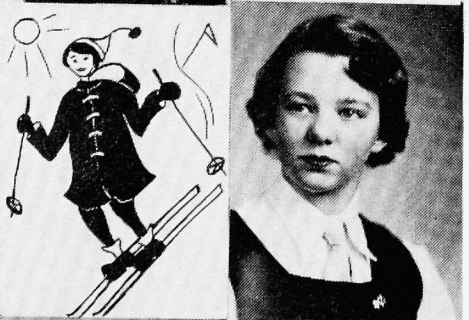
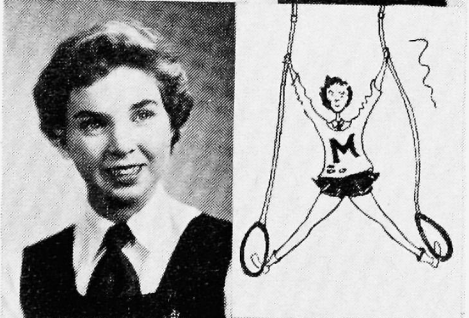
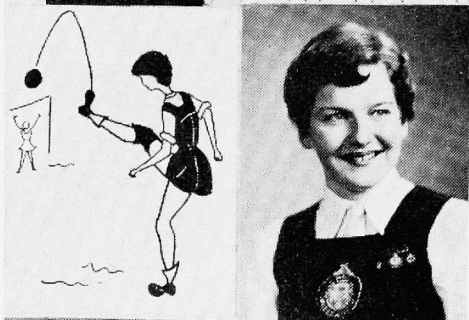
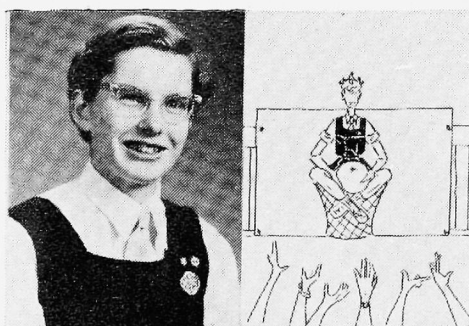
"The woman that deliberates is lost"

Ambition:—Actress.

Probable Destination:—Coaching little Janet in her lines for the
school play.

Activities:—Ballet 51-52; Glee Club 53-54; Public Speaking 53-
54; Dramatics '53; House Volleyball, Soccer 52-54.





Sports Captain

JANET McNAB—"Janey"
Grand Mère, Que.

Sports Captain
Macdonald
1951-54

"I agree with no man's opinions—I have some of my own"

Favourite Pastime:—Playing "Oh Mein Papa", in Shay-Noo.

Pet Aversion:—Room-mates who pull down the blind at night to keep out the sun in the morning.

Activities:—Form Sports Captain 51-53; Dramatics 52-53; Magazine Committee 53-54; Badminton Doubles 52-53; Ski Team 52-53; School Basketball, Soccer 51-54.

House Captains

SHIRLEY-ANNE DOWNS
Lennoxville, Que.

Residence Captain
Macdonald
1946-54

"Anything but History for history must be false"

Ambition:—Private Secretary.

Probable Destination:—Marrying the boss.

Activities:—Form Captain 50-51; Ballet 51-52; Dramatics 52-53; Glee Club 53-54; School Soccer 52-54; House Volleyball, Basketball 49-54.

ANNE HOWARD—"Howie"
Montreal, Que.

Residence Captain
Rideau
1950-54

It is the prime duty of a woman of this terrestrial world to look well. Neatness is the asepis of clothes.

Ambition:—To find an allergy to which allergies are allergic.

Favourite Expression:—"Ladies, let's get organized"!

Activities:—Choir 51-54; Crucifer 53-54; Form Captain 51-52; Glee Club 53-54; Library Committee 51-53; Ballet 51-52; House Volleyball, Basketball, Soccer 51-54.

Form Captains

CLAIR DAVIDSON
Montreal, Que.

Macdonald
Science Form Captain
1951-54

"Take my word for it—It's no laughing matter"!

Ambition:—Social Service Worker.

Probable Destination:—Social Skier.

Activities:—Form Captain 53-54; Magazine Committee 53-54; Ballet 51-52; Choir 52-54; Assistant Crucifer 53-54; School Soccer 51-54; House Volleyball, Basketball 51-54.

BEVERLY PENHALE—"Bevo"
Thetford Mines, Que.

Rideau
Arts Form Captain
1951-54

"I'm just as big for me," said she,
"As you are big for you"

Ambition:—Lady of Leisure.

Probable Destination:—Dying Of Boredom.

Activities:—Form Captain 53-54; Glee Club 53-54; Ballet 51-52; Advertising Editor 53-54; House Soccer 52-54.

Matrics

MARY ALSTON
Moncton, N.B.

Rideau
1950-54

"I'm not arguing—I'm telling you!"

Ambition:—Journalist.

Probable Destination:—Peddling Papers.

Activities:—Choir 51-54; Glee Club 53-54; Library Committee 51-54; Ballet 51-52; Dramatics 52-53; House Basketball, Volleyball, Soccer 51-54.



MARY BOGERT—"Bogey"
Montreal, Que.

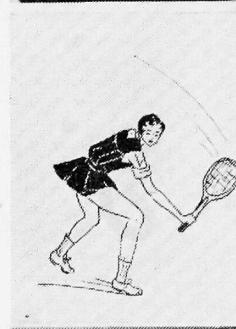
Montcalm
1951-54

"For my voice,
I have lost it with the singing of Anthems"

Ambition:—Olympics 1956 (Skiing)

Probable Destination:—Human Flag Pole of the Slalom course.

Activities:—Choir 51-54; Glee Club 53-54; Library Committee 52-53; Head of Library 53-54; Ballet 51-52; Form Captain 51-52; Ski Team 53-54; House Basketball, Volleyball, Soccer 51-54.



FELICIA CARTER—"Flee"
Pte. Claire, Que.

Rideau
1951-54

"I felt fine this morning until I woke up"

Ambition:—Laboratory Technician.

Probable Destination:—Laboratory Guinea Pig.

Activities:—Ballet 51-52; Dramatics 51-52; Glee Club 53-54; House Basketball, Volleyball, Soccer 52-54.



SHARON CHALMERS
Fredericton, N.B.

Montcalm
1952-54

"Whenever I feel like working
I lie down until the feeling passes away"

Ambition:—First Lady Prime Minister.

Probable Destination:—Leader of the Opposition.

Activities:—Editor of Magazine 53-54; Dramatics 52-53; School Soccer 52-53; House Volleyball, Basketball 52-54.



MEREDITH CHAPLIN—"Merry"
Abbotsford, Que.

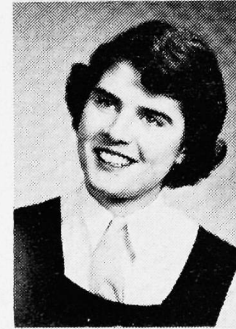
Macdonald
1947-54

"In School she's quiet and demure,
But outside, well—we're not too sure!"

Favourite Pastime:—Going into a trance.

Pet Aversion:—People that tell her she mutters.

Activities:—Library Committee 52-54; Glee Club 53-54; Ballet 51-52; School Soccer 51-54; House Volleyball, Basketball 51-54.



GILLIAN DONALD—"Jill"
Sherbrooke, Que.

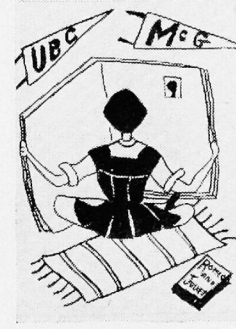
Macdonald
1950-54

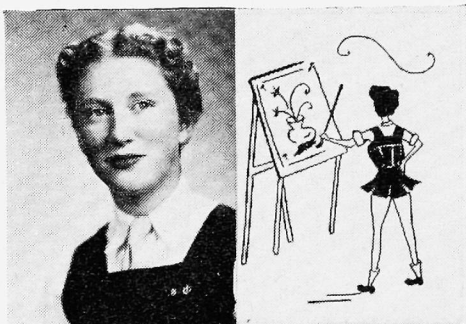
"Life isn't one sweet song, but it has its moments anyway"

Ambition:—Lady with the Lamp.

Probable Destination:—Keeping that old flame burning.

Activities:—Library Committee 51-54; Magazine Committee 53-54; Magazine Advertising 52-53; Dramatics 51-53; Ballet 51-52; Glee Club 53-54; Form Captain 50-51; House Soccer, Basketball, Volleyball 50-54.





JOCELYN GORDON—"Jocie"
Saraguay, Que.

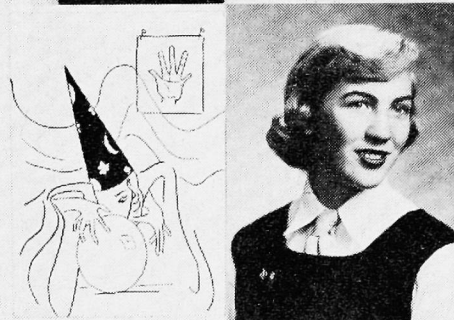
Macdonald
1950-54

"The Blush is beautiful but inconvenient"

Ambition:—To sail around the world.

Probable Destination:—Mending Sails.

Activities:—Glee Club 53-54; Library Committee 51-54; Ballet 51-52; Dramatics 52-53; Magazine Committee 53-54; House Soccer, Volleyball 51-54.



ROSAMOND HARRIS—"Rozie"
Beloeil Station, Que.

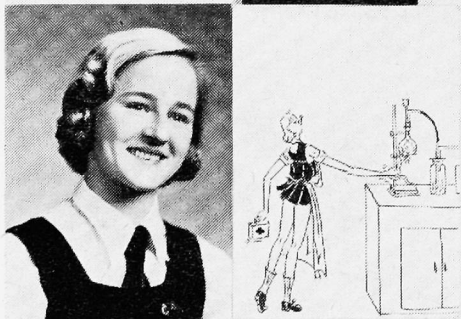
Macdonald
1952-54

"Time marches on!"

Ambition:—To be a nurse, doctor, psychiatrist, etc . . .

Probable Destination:—A Patient with "Patience".

Activities:—Glee Club 53-54; House Volleyball, Basketball, Soccer 52-54.



MARY HOLT—"Holtie"
Montreal, Que.

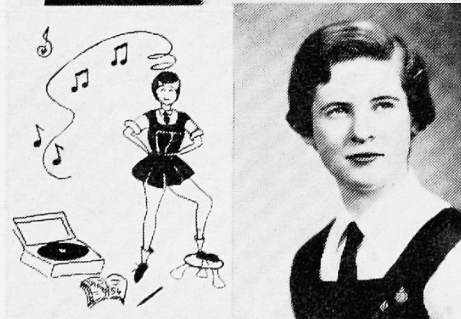
Rideau
1952-54

"There's just one thing I can't resist—Temptation"

Ambition:—Interior Decorator.

Probable Destination:—Inferior Decorator.

Activities:—Choir 53-54; Glee Club 53-54; Library Committee 52-53; Public Speaking 52-53; Dramatics 52-53; Magazine Committee 53-54; House Volleyball, Soccer 52-54.



BARBARA HYMAN—"Barbie"
Gaspé, Que.

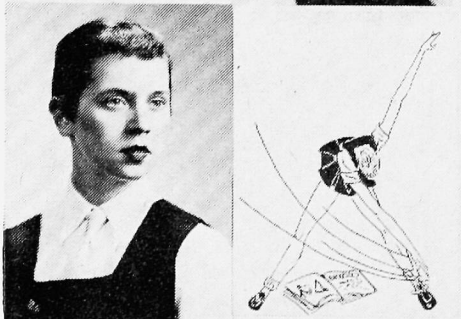
Rideau
1946-54

"I can be as good as I please, if I please to be good"

Favourite Pastime:—Poring over the latest fashion magazines.

Favourite Expression:—"I must write that letter to-night"

Activities:—Form Captain 49-50; Glee Club 53-54; Choir 53-54; Library Committee 52-54; Ballet 51-52; House Soccer, Volleyball 52-54.



JANET LAKE—"Tannie"
St. John's, Newfoundland.

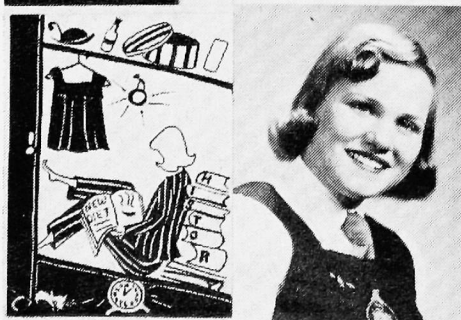
Macdonald
1951-54

"Love is Blind—Where are my glasses"?

Ambition:—Doctor's Receptionist.

Probable Destination:—Receiving the Doctor.

Activities:—Ballet 51-52; Glee Club 53-54; Dramatics 51-52; House Soccer, Basketball, Volleyball 51-54.



HELEN LEDUC
St. Johns, Que.

Montcalm
1950-54

"For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do"

Ambition:—Stewardess.

Probable Destination:—Her head in the clouds in more ways than one.

Activities:—Magazine Committee 53-54; Glee Club 53-54; Dramatics 53-54; School Soccer 50-54; House Basketball, Volleyball 51-54.

HEATHER MACKENZIE—"Heath"
New Orleans, La, U.S.A.

Rideau
1950-54

"Sweet Eighteen, but the rest a lie!"

Ambition:—To consider the future.

Probable Destination:—Re-living the past.

Activities:—Library Committee 52-54; Dramatics 52-53; Ballet 51-52; School Soccer 52-54; House Basketball, Volleyball 50-54.



ELIZABETH MCGILLIS—"Bets"
Montreal, Que.

Rideau
1951-54

"This is as well said as if I said it myself"

Favourite Pastime:—Catching up on the Montreal News.

Favourite Expression:—"Mary, it's my turn to open the window to-night"

Activities:—Choir 51-54; Library Committee 51-54; Ballet 51-52; House Volleyball, Basketball, Soccer 52-53.



MARJORIE McMASTER—"Marj"
Montreal, Que.

Macdonald
1951-54

"There's method in her madness"

Favourite Pastime:—Drawing maps to Lennoxville!

Favourite Expression:—"Fabulous!"

Activities:—Library Committee 51-53; Ballet 51-52; Choir 52-54; Dramatics 52-53; Ski Team 53-54; School Soccer 51-54; House Volleyball, Basketball 52-54.



DIANA WILLIAMS—"Di"
Madison, Conn., U.S.A.

Montcalm
1949-54

"Work fascinates me—I could sit and look at it for hours"

Pet Aversion:—Amputated rabbits ears appearing on her pillow each night.

Favourite Expression:—"Don't you agree?"

Activities:—Choir 52-54; Ballet 51-52; Library Committee 52-54; Public Speaking 53; Dramatics 52-53; Glee Club 53-54; House Volleyball 52-53.



HEATHER WOODS—"Woodie"
Montreal, Que.

Montcalm
1951-54

"Don't trust in dreams—they only elude you."

Ambition:—To be a success.

Probable Destination:—Being successful with some of those dreams.

Activities:—Ballet 51-52; Library Committee 51-53; Dramatics 51-52; House Volleyball, Basketball, Soccer 51-54.



Matric cartoons by A. Howard and R. Harris.

The Matric Form Report

Everyone is moving at the first ring of the bell towards the Prep Hall. Something special must be happening to cause this unusual occurrence. "What! a preview of the first '54 D Movie?" "Three D is nothing new now." "This new invention's claim to fame is that it can project one ten years into the future". "The movie is named after its stars, the class of '54, and the topic for this experimental preview is "Tops Sports of '64" "Hurry, we must get a seat."

The inventor of this marvellous machine is Ann McNally, a scientific genius of long standing in the professional world, who is now living peacefully in the country trying to devise a remedy for freckles. The assistant professor for this experiment, Felicia Carter, has also to her credit numerous other patented inventions. At the present she is working on a machine that will "Learn and inwardly digest" all history notes.

If witches were still burned at the stake I'm afraid we would lose Rosie Harris. This young lady actually foretold the parts that our stars would play in this '54 D industry—our roles of ten years hence!

We are settled in our seats before there is a crash of music and the title "Tops Sports of '64" flashes across the screen. We hear that familiar voice with the slight Southern twang belonging to Heather Mackenzie, inviting us to take a peak at Sports in '64. The first star we see is the commentator herself loping along in the 100 yard dash. She was a little confused by the starting gun as, for the past few years, bells have been starting her off. However, I see she hasn't changed her pace and is still ambling along.

To Switzerland now! Down the slopes of a snowy peak comes our speeding champ, Marj McMaster by name. We hear that as a side line Marj has enrolled in a home correspondence course which seems to take up all her spare time. Following in Marj's wake comes a pint-sized edition of the Mount Royal ski patrol—Patsy Creery, whose only complaint about her job is that she doesn't have time to look after her pins and needles.

Our commentator pauses here and draws our attention to the exquisite ski clothes worn by our skiers. They are the very latest in new wool fabrics created by Olivia Rorke who seems able to make wool into any garment for any age. However, wool fabrics are fairly new to her, as socks and sweaters are her usual stand-bys.

We take you to Wimbledon where the star this season is that dazzling "Racqueteer", Shirley-Anne Downs, whose rise to fame is due to her smashing forehands and the numerous egg-noggs consumed in her youth.

North now to the rocky setting of St. Andrew's Golf course in Scotland, where a colourful Scotch tam is seen perched victoriously on the flag of the eighteenth green. We are given a glimpse of the champion's dressing room, where Barbara Gibaut is surrounded by a multitude of trophies and admiring reporters.

The scene changes to an aquatic one. Low and behold it's Clair Davidson, leaping over hurdles and turning somersaults all on a pair of water-skis! Clair also directs, produces and finances her own early morning radio programme "The Wakey, Wakey Hour". The only snag is that all radio critics have been most critical.

We are taken back to our red-faced commentator at the stadium who, still out of breath from her job around the track, informs us that "These and more will be found in '64".

We have just shown you a sample of the new '54 D movie. Now we would like to introduce you to some of the people behind the scenes who have made possible this great phenomena in the motion picture industry.

Sheila Douglas Lane, the widely acclaimed author of the script, has up to date written twenty-one novels and at the moment is holding a one night stand at the Forum where she is autographing her literary works. The editing chief, Sharon Chalmers, whose sworn ambition at one stage of her life was to get a certain magazine printed, is now noted for her singular occupation of publishing and pedalling encyclopedias.

Bevo Penhale, well known in the advertising field, disappeared shortly before the preview. The box office funds are also missing. It is thought that her close association with figures and her large collection of account books may have caused a slight mental lapse.

The press agent attached to the company, Mary Holt, is famous for her daily column which appears in all the country's largest papers, and which is entitled "Holtie's Handicap." Many of her comments rival those of Walter Winchell.

Betty McGillis, who works with Mary Holt, is kept busy looking after the files of the various

clippings about '54 D films. Her large stocks of **Gazettes** certainly come in handy.

Tanny Lake, one of the few secretaries who can type and take shorthand at the same time, finds that her strenuous schedule still allows time for a well-balanced social life.

Janey McNab, always did have a head for figures, whether it be batting averages or hockey scores, and she certainly makes a competent business manager. That Commerce course of hers must come in handy, as at the moment this production is far from being in the "reds."

The project's chief photographer is the celebrated Miss Helen Leduc, who is well known for her successful photographic section in a recent publication. Miss Leduc, who does a bit of scientific research on the side, has lately abandoned her vigorous exercising (to some people's relief) and now depends on a small bottle of pills to reduce her circumference.

Jocelyn Gordon, responsible for the highly-praised artistic arrangements, obviously acquired more than a garret and a beret while studying at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Mary Bogert, the musical director, has, at last count, a collection of thirty-two instruments, and also, at present, the full-time job of recovering lost skiers by means of her Swiss yodel.

The coiffeuse, Anne Howard, is responsible for the original "hairdos" seen on the set, and as a side-line plans pleasure trips to Rio in the hope that she may spend a certain blissful holiday there.

The wardrobe mistress, Meredith Chaplin, haute couture, is now putting the talents acquired at Macdonald College to use in her own home.

The acting advisor, Janet Smith, has had varied dramatic roles in her career. The play in which she

is currently acting is an autobiography of Dorothy Dix.

Heather Woods, the speech consultant, is always ready to give advice on how, when, and where to speak, and in what tone of voice. She is also well-known for her diamond socks and is willing to give advice to anyone on how to make them!

Here is a familiar name, Mary Alston. This prominent dramatic and literary critic has, in addition to publishing a few articles of her own, practically renovated the realm of letters.

Our prompter on the set is Di Williams, who usually has plenty to say. It's been said that she must have been given an injection with a grama-phone needle at some time. At least she keeps us going.

Our Florence Nightingale at the studio is Barbara Hyman, who dulls our headaches and quiets our shattered nerves with surprising calmness. She manages to retain her own sanity by occasionally devoting herself to her hobby, window-dressing.

The list nears completion with the mention of our two ghost writers, Gill Donald and Judy Taylor. The former, whose ambition was the busy life of a social worker, is now busy servicing her social life. As for the latter, she has invented a new type of physiotherapy . . . versiotherapy . . . which makes use of original humorous (?) verse, guaranteed to make the patient happy, and healthy, **but** no wiser.

Our competent directors, Miss Morris and Miss Wallace, certainly deserve a vote of thanks for their invaluable help and encouragement. They have done much to better this '54 D industry.

The film ends abruptly, and we find ourselves still sitting in the Prep Hall at King's Hall. I wonder what will happen to us in 1964?

J. D. & J. T.

House Reports

RIDEAU HOUSE REPORT

Another year has passed and with it the weekly totals, sports, and, other inter-house competitions which all combined to make this a very stimulating one for Rideau. We got off to a rather shaky start in sports last fall, but for the most part your keenness and enthusiasm made up for our lack of points. We're proud to say that win, lose, or draw you've been grand sports. This, after all, is the main thing.

Some of you have found it pretty hard, at times, to stay out of mischief, but on the whole you've

worked hard, with the Work Shield as your goal, and have accomplished much. Proof of this is the tremendous effort shown during the second term when Rideau came first every week.

We have thoroughly enjoyed being your Prefects this year, and want to thank each one of you for the help, co-operation, and inspiring House spirit without which Rideau would have accomplished very little. The best of luck to you all, and sincere hopes of success to your future prefects.

JUDY TAYLOR
JANET SMITH

MONTCALM HOUSE REPORT

To take off the bright blue tie and lay aside the Montcalm pin is a hard thing for us to do. To us, they symbolize forty-nine girls, happy at winning and sad at losing but always ready to try harder the next time. If house spirit were something you could put into barrels, King's Hall would be full of blue barrels marked "yea" Montcalm!" Although we've left the work shield behind, our dream of holding the sports' shield is still there. Montcalm has suddenly taken an athletic turn and the house is overrun by badminton, tennis, soccer and basketball players! We know you'll do it again next year, Montcalm, and make two more Prefects as proud as punch!

BARBARA GIBAUT
SHEILA DOUGLAS LANE

MACDONALD HOUSE REPORT

Macdonald, we have had a wonderful year, haven't we? So much has happened that it seems rather impossible to make a report, for no report can say how much fun we have had together.

What about those "croc" walks? Who could forget wading through miles (so it seemed) of slush or sticky mud? And the mad shouting rush every afternoon to be checked out, for we are no "hot house" plants! And the house meetings that were occasionally (??) like Bedlam!

Your house spirit has been exceptional in both sports and work though more audible at sports! You have all worked extremely hard towards the Work Shield and Sports Cup.

We have very much enjoyed working with you all and we'll be awfully sorry to leave you.

Good-bye, Macdonald, and the very best of luck.

OLIVIA RORKE
PATSY CREERY

School Year Calendar

Sept.	15—School Opened.	Feb.	6—Eastern Townships Inter-school Ski Meet.
Oct.	10-12—Thansgiving Week-end.	Feb.	13—School went into Sherbrooke to see "The Robe".
Oct.	12—Tea Dance at B.C.S.	Feb.	14—School Piano Recital
Oct.	18—Helmut Blume—Piano Recital	Feb.	18—Snow Sculpturing Contest.
Oct.	21—Soccer—King's Hall Senior Team vs B.C.S. Prep School Team.	Feb.	20—Tea Dance at B.C.S.
Oct.	24—Matric Entertainment.	Feb.	26—U.B.C. Play—"Romeo and Juliet"
Oct.	30—Hallowe'en Supper and Masquerade.	Mar.	13—V A Play—"The Souvenir".
Nov.	5—Jimmy's 40th Anniversary Party.	Mar.	13—VI A Play—"Bishop's Candlesticks".
Nov.	5—V B Play—"Princess of Tartary".	Mar.	20—Basketball with Stanstead at King's Hall.
Nov.	13—The School Dance.	Mar.	28—Red Cross Supper.
Nov.	14—Soccer—King's Hall Junior and Senior Teams vs B.C.S. Football Team.	Mar.	29—Swimming Meet.
Nov.	15—Francis Chaplin—Violin Recital.	Mar.	29—School Piano Recital.
Nov.	20—U.B.C. Plays, Three one-act plays.	Mar.	30—Basketball with Stanstead at Stanstead.
Nov.	21—Mrs. Carrington's Visit.	April	2—School Closed.
Nov.	29—VI A Nativity Play.	April	20—School Re-opened.
Dec.	3—B.C.S. Play—"Gramercy Ghost".	April	30—VI A Play—"Elizabeth Refuses".
Dec.	6—Miss Gillard's Birthday Party.	May	1—Visit to Sherbrooke Hospital.
Dec.	13—Junior Nativity Play and Carol Service.	May	1—VI A and VI B Plays, Dramatic Festival in Sherbrooke.
Dec.	17—School Closed.	May	18—VI B Play—Scenes from Shakespeare Plays.
Jan.	12—School Re-opened.	June	6-7—Church Service and School Closing
Jan.	30—Sleigh Drive.		
Jan.	31—VI B Play—"Women At War".		

THE MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

Ever since the sign "Broadway is our Best" went up outside the lounge door we wondered exactly what the Matric Entertainment of 1953 would be like. Not a word was breathed to anyone. "No Admittance" signs still went up on the blackboards, but no one knew anything about it until Saturday night, October 24th, when we went up to the Prep Hall to see one of the best entertainments ever put on at King's Hall.

The director of the performance (Marjorie McMaster) pretended to fume because "his" cast was not ready, but the curtain went up anyway and the cast took time out from their preparations to sing us a song from their dressing room. The second scene went off on schedule. It was an amusing soap opera from station L.A.F.F. The announcers were Jill Donald and Janey McNab. In this exciting drama the hero and the heroine each spoke one word.

Between scenes the director, his friend (Sharon Chalmers) and the music director, (Judy Taylor) kept us amused with jokes and stories.

In the next scene we were delighted by an excellent ballet, "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." In this scene Heather Woods, Janet Smith, Claire Davidson, and Jill Donald performed like professionals. The rest of the dancers also played their parts extremely well.

Next on the programme was something for the children—a scene from "Winnie the Pooh", "They're changing the guard at Buckingham Palace". The actors in this scene were Mary Holt, Mary Alston, and Olivia Rorke.

We then turned back the "Hands of Time" and met the whole Matric Class Rosie Harris was Father Time, Anne McNally was 1954, while the others represented months of the year. The Staff were escorted up on the stage while the Matrics sang "Through after Years". In the last scene of all we again met the cast in their dressing room back stage and heard their farewell song, "Give my Regards to Compton". The curtain then rang down for the last time on an extremely successful performance.

DIANA DANIELS, VI A

—o—

WOMEN AT WAR

It was the evening of Sunday, January 31st. In the Prep Hall of King's Hall, Compton, the stage curtains slowly rose on "Women At War" a one-act play produced by several members of VI B under the direction of Miss Robertson.

The setting was the drawing room of Lady Shoales's home during the English Civil War. Here a group of women had gathered to sew bandages for the wounded soldiers.

The audience could feel the tension and fears of these women, for they were all very feelingly portrayed. Lady Shoales, played by Gay Hardinge, sewed for all Englishmen both Cavaliers and Roundheads. Her daughter, Nan Shoales, was Sandra Stewart, whose sweet song added much to our enjoyment of the play. Saundray Bogert portrayed the comical Philadelphia, maid of the household. She kept her cheery smile and bright manners in spite of the war, of rather because of it, for her interests were with the handsome soldiers. Barbara Miller made a spirited Dame Clibbutt, a very lively old lady. Her interests and conversation were much like Philadelphia's but her heart was with Queen Bess and the gallant young men of her day. Mistress Neve was Stephanie Haas. She was completely on the side of the Cavaliers for her son Philip was at that moment fighting for them. Eve Hargraft gave a convincing portrayal of Mistress Barebegod, a young Puritan matron. Her husband Hal was fighting under Cromwell for his Puritan beliefs. Mistress Drood, Susan Schneider, brought the news of Cromwell's victory and the sad tidings of the death of both Hal and Philip. The whole audience was moved as Mistress Neve and Mistress Barebegod, although politically divided, joined hands in their common grief. The curtains then slowly closed.

The thunderous applause as the actresses took their bows was not only for the touching performance the girls had given that evening, but also to congratulate Miss Robertson on her excellent directing. We wished, too, to express our appreciation to Miss Wood for her help with the scenery, and to all the workers behind stage without whom the play could not have been produced. The entire school thoroughly enjoyed "Women At War".

RAE MACCULLOCH, VI A

THE BISHOP'S CANDLESTICKS

On March 14th a cast of five of VI A's accomplished actresses presented "The Bishop's Candlesticks" a play, in one act founded on an incident in Victor Hugo's novel, *Les Misérables*.

Early in the nineteenth century small thefts were severely punished by death or lengthy sentences in the prison hulks, where the treatment was merciless. Starving prisoners were chained and lashed. One of these starving convicts escaped after ten years in the galleys. Armed with a long knife he broke into a Bishop's house about thirty miles from Paris. The play, "The Bishop's Candlesticks", revolves around this incident.

The Convict was convincingly played by Barbara Cope; and Helen Tucker had the role of the Bishop, with all his kindness and understanding. His sister, Persomé, was played by our leading lady, Diana Daniels, with all the "apparent delicacy of a truly elegant female." Her maid, Marie, was excellently portrayed by Wendy Johnston. The actors were successful in conveying the tragedy of the Convict's situation and the great goodness of the Bishop.

The play was produced at King's Hall Theatre and directed by Miss MacLennan, assisted by Jean Millward and Margot Watier. Mlle Dumont supervised the costuming. Joanne Dick not only did the make-up, but was the very capable stage manager. I should like to thank all these for a very good production, enjoyed greatly by both Staff and girls.

DIANE SMITH, VI A

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MATRIC GLEE CLUB

Monday night at King's Hall finds many of the Matrics off to Glee Club. The Matrics have learned several new songs during the year and have also sung some old favorites, including "Mammie's Little Baby Loves Shortnin' Bread", which they sang with great gusto. For the Christmas Carol Service the Matric Glee Club prepared two carols, and despite the fact that the electricity went off at the crucial moment did very well. The Matrics are most grateful to Miss Hewson, a new member of the King's Hall Staff, for giving up so much of her spare time to direct and accompany them. Although this is the first year we have had Glee Clubs in the school, I am sure it will not be the last.

MARY ALSTON, Matric.

A BABE AT THE INN

On November 19th a group of VI A's put on a nativity play, "A Babe at the Inn." In this play we were taken to the small Inn at Bethlehem to which Mary and Joseph were refused admittance. Here the part of Sarah, the mercenary wife of the innkeeper, was taken by Vicky Nesbitt, while Deirdre Allan portrayed her young son Simeon. Lady Rebekah, a patron of the Inn, was excellently played by Jill Woods. Philippa Harverson was very convincing as Miriam, the young maid who was the first of the household to see Mary and Joseph and who eventually led them to the stable. Two dancing girls from the town, Nancy Millen and Mary Louise Mueller, burst into the Inn and told of a wondrous star they had seen. Shortly afterwards the Shepherds, and later the messenger of the Wisemen arrived talking of the star and of the new-born Babe they were seeking, while the star itself could be seen shining outside. The Shepherds parts were movingly interpreted by Jean Millward, Ann Ramsay, and Margot Watier. The messenger was Joanne Dick. At appropriate places during the course of the play the choir, under Miss Macdonald's direction, sang carols softly in the distance.

The play was followed by an effective tableau in which the characters, together with the Wisemen, knelt in adoration of the new-born Babe. The Wisemen were Nancy Palmer, Caroline Grant, and Carol Chadwick. Wendy Johnston represented Joseph, and Rae MacCulloch, the Virgin Mary. The curtains closed as Rae sang a mediaeval lullaby most sweetly.

DIANA DANIELS, VI A

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ELIZABETH REFUSES

On April 30th, the VI A's put on "Elizabeth Refuses", a delightful and admirably acted miniature comedy adapted from the episodes in Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* where Elizabeth refuses Mr. Collins' proposal and refuses to be brow-beaten by Lady Catherine.

King's Hall's own Di. Smith realistically portrayed Elizabeth, and was a charming imitator of that independent and clever young lady. Susan Cuthbertson was marvellously suited to the inconspicuous but important part of Jane, Elizabeth's sister and sole sympathizer. (Mr. Bennett does not appear). "In sooth the audience thought her real, she played so truly", might be said of Judy St.

George, who acted the part of Mrs. Bennett. Her jangled nerves, flutterings, and "fussiness" were a great delight to everyone. Anne Rawlings as Mr. Collins made an impressive entry with a splendid air of assurance and a carefully precise voice which she cleverly maintained throughout the play. The final and most stunning entrance was that of Tonia Mitchell as Lady Catherine de Burgh. Her disdainful, candid remarks and condescending tone were set off to perfection by her awe-inspiring lorgnette, ostrich feather, and long black coat.

The whole performance was wonderful, and all the hours of preparation it involved are greatly appreciated. The hard work put into the scenery by B. J. Newell, Jill Woods and Jean Millward was rewarded by the tremendous success of the results. Mlle Dumont was most skilful in producing costumes perfect for the age. Our most sincere thanks go to Miss MacLennan for all her work in directing the play, and to Vicky Nesbitt, her invaluable assistant, who also prompted. We are very pleased that "Elizabeth Refuses" won first place at the Youth Drama Festival in Sherbrooke.

PHILIPPA HARVERSON, VI A

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PUPIL'S CONCERT

On Monday evening, March 29th, King's Hall music students gave a concert under the direction of our two music teachers, Miss Macdonald and Miss Hewson. Several girls from the junior classes opened the programme. A little later we heard a very charming duet by Tony Taylor and Jane Cushing. We could see that many weeks of practice must have gone into each piece. Many were making their first "stage appearance", but each girl played with apparent poise and self-confidence.

When the pupil's concert was over Miss Gillard made an announcement. Miss Macdonald had at last consented to give us a short concert herself. We were all very surprised and very pleased. In all the years Miss Macdonald has taught here she could never be persuaded to play for us. I am sure many of us did not realize that we had such talent within the walls of King's Hall. Miss Macdonald played several well chosen selections both modern and classical. Her short and often amusing introductions to each piece helped us to understand the mood and style of the selection and added much to our interest and enjoyment. The evening passed much too quickly and we can only hope that Miss Macdonald will give us another concert in the very near future.

HELMUT BLUME RECITAL

Our first concert this year was given by Helmut Blume. Mr. Blume began by introducing our friend the piano as the "pianoforte", and then told us a few very interesting facts about it. He continued by tracing some of the composers and their works, from Bach to Debussy. Among the selections which he played were a Toccata and Fugere in D minor by Bach, the "Impromptu in A flat major" by Schubert, a Brahms's Waltz and Chopin's "Nocturne in B flat minor". Mr. Blume concluded his programme with the "Children's Corner", a medley by Debussy.

As well as being a most enjoyable evening it was also an educational one, because when the concert was over we all felt that we knew quite a bit about music and its masters. We all hope that Mr. Blume will pay King's Hall a return visit in the near future.

JUDY TAYLOR, Matric.

FRANCIS CHAPLIN

In November, the violinist Francis Chaplin and his talented accompanist, Miss Alice Shapiro, came to play for us. We were so enthralled that when the concert was over we could hardly believe that we had been there for more than an hour.

Mr. Chaplin's programme included Bach's "Sonata in B flat", "the Concerto in E minor" by Mendelsohn, and an "Allegro" by Mozart. He also played a few of the old favourites such as "Liebesfreud" by Kriesler, and "Humoreske" by Dvorak.

Mr. Chaplin and Miss Shapiro found a very enthusiastic audience, who were most sorry when the concert drew to a close. We sincerely hope that they will come back again next year.

BETTY MCGILLIS, Matric.

MRS. CARRINGTON'S VISIT

Again this year it was a great privilege and pleasure to have Mrs. Carrington with us for her annual visit, when she spoke to us in the gymnasium on Saturday, November 21st. Her talk was of great interest to us all, especially the amusing tales of her travels. We enjoyed hearing about her recent trip out West with her husband, the Lord Archbishop of Quebec, and of her visits to European countries.

We would like to thank Mrs. Carrington very much for sparing time to talk to us, and we hope that she will return next year and continue her visits to King's Hall.

DIANE SMITH, VI A

MISS GILLARD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

Once again on the fourth of December Mrs. Aitken had prepared a wonderful evening for us in order to celebrate Miss Gillard's Birthday. The whole school gathered in the lounge, which the VI A's had decorated most beautifully with spruce boughs. We had a delicious meal of chicken a la king and ice cream. Candy was later passed around for those who wanted it. We then listened to a few very enjoyable records. This year, as a small sign of affection and appreciation, the school gave Miss Gillard a bouquet of Mums. We all enjoyed ourselves very much and again our thanks go to Mrs. Aitken, and our very best wishes to Miss Gillard.

EVE SMITH, VI B

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JUNIOR NATIVITY PLAY

On December the thirteenth the Junior School presented "The Finding of the King", a nativity play in one act. When the curtains were drawn in front of a hushed audience, Patsy Elvidge, excellently portraying the miserly innkeeper, was angrily turning away a poor beggar (Jane Mitchell).

Led by the star, the three shepherds, (Deborah Powell, Elise Menaché, and Cynthia Bailey), then came to the inn inquiring after the new-born King. During a beautifully acted and produced performance, the well-known story of the nativity was unrolled accompanied by carols sung by the actors. Near the end of the play the backdrop was lifted and the scene was transferred to the stable, where a beautiful tableau of the nativity was shown, with a row of angelic-looking Juniors singing behind the manger. All the actresses reached an excellent standard. Besides the characters already mentioned, we must congratulate the three Kings, (Joanne Millar, Jareth Taylor, and Diana Gibson); the soldier sent from Herod to discover the King, (Susan Southby); and the Angel of the Incarnation, (Pat McFetrick). As well as congratulating the actresses, we wish to thank all who worked behind the scenes. We also want to express our appreciation to Miss Hewson and Mademoiselle Dumont who were responsible for the production and the costumes. Thank you all for a most enjoyable evening!

VICTORIA NESBITT, VI A

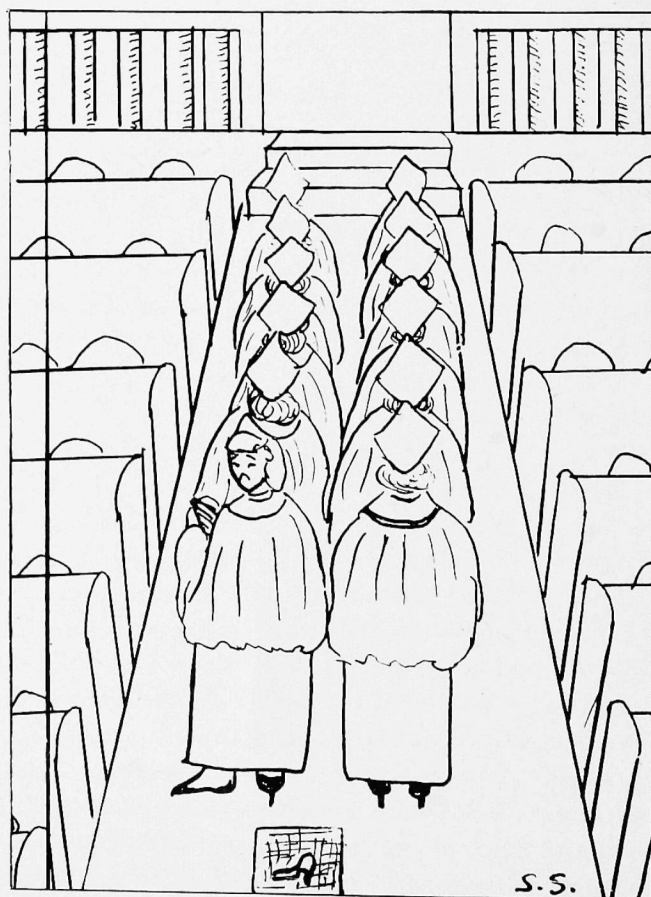
THE CHOIR REPORT

Last June Mr. Thomas, a member of the school board, gave the church a cross in memory of his wife. The cross was carried, for the first time, at our closing last year by Joan Sheard. This year Mr. Roberts chose Anne Howard as our crucifer.

On the last Sunday of the Christmas term the choir went out in the early morning and sang carols to the school, the staff cottage, the junior cottage, Mr. Robert's house and Mrs. Harverson's house. That night the choir, dressed in their gowns and surplices sang three anthems at the Christmas entertainment. Then we stood along the class passage with lighted candles singing "Silent Night" while the school filed down to the lounge.

Every Saturday and Sunday morning Miss Macdonald practises the hymns and psalms for Sunday. We know what a tedious task this is and we want to thank Miss Macdonald very much for all the work she has done for us.

MARY BOGERT



THE LIBRARY REPORT

The Library has had a most successful year. We were very glad to welcome thirteen new members to the committee, three from VI A and ten from VI B. They all tried hard to help the girls find books, and what is almost as important, to induce them to return the books on time.

This year the Library was open on Saturdays, Mondays, and Wednesdays and was used a great deal by everyone. At the beginning of the year Miss Gillard gave us some new books and with the money collected from the dues, we expect to buy more new books in the near future.

At the end of January, we elected Judy St. George to act as assistant head of the library committee. Next year, Judy will, we are sure, be a very efficient committee head.

MARY BOGERT, Matric.

THE FORMAL

To the rhythmic strains of "Has Anyone Seen My Gal", seven flappers, apparently straight from the Golden Twenties, executed an original dance around the gaily decorated gym, welcoming the guests from near and far. The walls were covered with murals depicting life-sized couples doing the charleston, riding proudly in a model-T, and modelling the latest fashions in striped woollen bathing-suits. The colour scheme was carried out in the alternating pink and gray streamers which covered the windows and formed the false ceiling. From this were suspended clusters of multi-coloured balloons. The music, provided by Les Beaulieu's orchestra, contained many selections from the "Charleston Era." We are all greatly indebted to the VI A Form for the attractive and unusual setting which formed the backdrop for a very enjoyable evening . . . the long-awaited "Formal".

JILL DONALD, Matric

THE TEA DANCE

The tea dance this year was held on October thirteenth, and was a very pleasant way to end a successful Thanksgiving weekend. It was held in the spacious B.C.S. gym, and although a large number of people attended, there was still plenty of room in which to dance, even if one preferred jitterbug to the less boisterous "one-two-three steps". "The Les Beaulieu Orchestra" played a large repetoir of songs, from "Charleston" to "Cry-

ing in the Chapel"; thus everyone's Musical taste was satisfied, and a good time was had by all. The decorations, an added attraction, were few but effective. A brilliant array of autumn leaves trimmed the bare spots of the gym and added to the general festivities. Refreshments, consisting of appetizing sandwiches, cakes and cookies, were served in the dining room.

At eight o'clock the dance ended with the orchestra playing "God Save the Queen," and we returned to Compton wishing the fun could have gone on "just a little longer."

NANCY MILLEN, VI A

VI B CURRENT EVENTS

Thanks to Miss Gibb, Current Events was again a success this year. Every Thursday night when we assembled in the lounge Miss Gibb would lay before us in an interesting way the main events of the week. Sometimes we would listen to an outstanding recording or hear a new poem or short story of interest. Sometimes we would have a quiz, twenty questions, or a debate. One night Mrs. Harverson gave an excellent talk on recent developments in Africa. But whatever it was, we always enjoyed ourselves.

We all wish to express our very sincere gratitude to Miss Gibb for making our Thursday nights so useful and entertaining.

EVE HARGRAFT, VI B

THE SLEIGH DRIVE

On Saturday, January 15th, the school had a sleigh drive with six teams from neighbouring farms providing the transportation and fun. The weather was made to order.

It was a crisp, sunny afternoon as the sleighs turned out of the school drive. Accompanied by the merry sound of bells and ringing laughter, the horses trotted along the snow-banked road for an hour or so. There was much "pushing-off" and "snow-washing", all taken in good fun. Everyone was sorry when the time came to turn back towards the school, although there undoubtedly were a few cold fingers and faces by then. The return trip was every bit as much fun as the first hour. Upon arriving back at the school we were served a delicious hot supper in the lounge. I am sure that all the girls wish to join with me in thanking Miss Gillard for a most enjoyable afternoon.

SUSAN KILGOUR, VI B

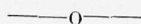
U. B. C. PLAYS

This year King's Hall had the pleasure of attending the Bishop's University plays in November and in February. Matrics and VI A's gladly accepted an invitation to three delightful one-act plays on November 20th. The first play, "The Happy Journey" by Thornton Wilder, was amusingly portrayed without scenery. A short play by Louis Parker entitled "The Minuet", followed. This scene from the Revolutionary Days of France displayed excellent acting, scenery, and costumes. The last play, "Two Gentlemen of Soho" by A. P. Herbert, the longest and most developed of the plays, proved most interesting and entertaining to all.

On February 27th almost the whole school went to see "Romeo and Juliet." What a splendid performance was given by all the actors, especially by Bob Midgley as Romeo, Helen Fairbairn as Juliet, Jane Quintin as the Nurse, and Owen Evans as Friar Lawrence! The scenery was excellent, the costumes most rich in colour, and the lighting most effective. Certainly this performance left nothing to be wished for.

We would all like to extend our thanks to the Bishop's University Dramatics Society and to congratulate them on their excellent performance.

BEVERLY PENHALE, Matric



VISIT TO THE CARNATION MILK FACTORY

In the Easter term the Household Science group under the supervision of Mlle Dumont visited the Carnation Milk Factory in Sherbrooke. After being cordially welcomed we were escorted into an exceedingly large room where an inviting scent of cleanliness and industry greeted our entrance. One of the officials then conducted us on a grand tour of the factory, and answered all our questions, however trivial, explaining in detail the intricate machines and the processes which accompanied them. Although we seemed to learn everything that happened to the milk from the raw state to the final packing, we were unable to extract the one secret of Carnation Milk's perfection.

We should like to thank the Carnation Milk Factory and Mlle Dumont for a most pleasant and educational afternoon.

TERRY ABBOTT, VI B

B. C. S. PLAY

Time: 9.00 p.m. Thursday, December 3rd, 1953.

Place: Bishop's College School Theatre.

What: The 713th production of J. C. Holm's "Gramercy Ghost".

How: On account of an unfortunate outbreak of measles at Bishop's a few days previously, King's Hall girls, well muffled against the disease, filed in "Quaker Style". There was complete segregation of the male and female audience.

The play, directed and staged under the capable supervision of Mr. Lewis Evans and Mr. John Gordon was a great success. The casting was perfect in every respect. Here were several of the Empire's greatest actors of the future, billed together in a top production. Canada's own Douglas Robertson starring as Parker Burnett upheld an excellent standard. The entrance of the Gramercy Ghost, causing shrieks from the female audience, did not unnerve experienced actor Keith Sterling who was playing the role of Nathaniel Coombes. Cast in this play as effeminate Nancy Willard, the nation's rising young star Arnold Sharp deserves special praise for his performance that night.

The stage properties and stage sets surpassed all Compton standards! They had a "Broadway Beat" about them and deserve much praise.

Time: 11.15 p.m. that same night.

To what Place: King's Hall, Compton.

How: Quaker style, that muffled look!

From What: from an evening every girl enjoyed to the full. Thank you, and congratulations to the Players' Club, B.C.S.

DIANE SMITH, VI A

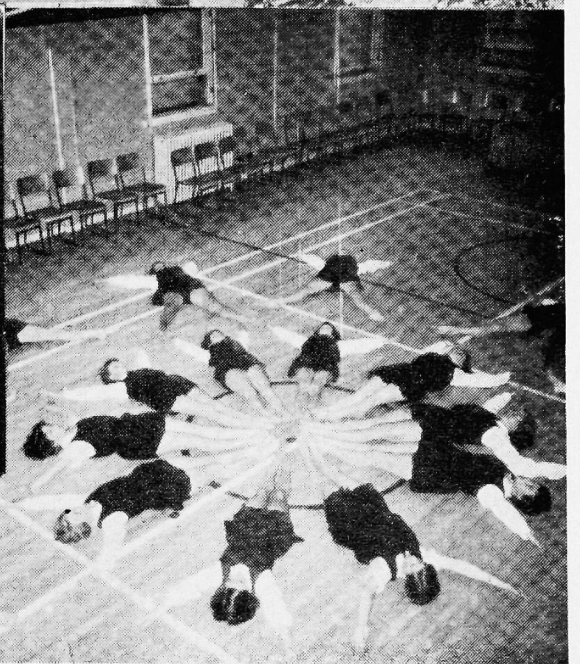
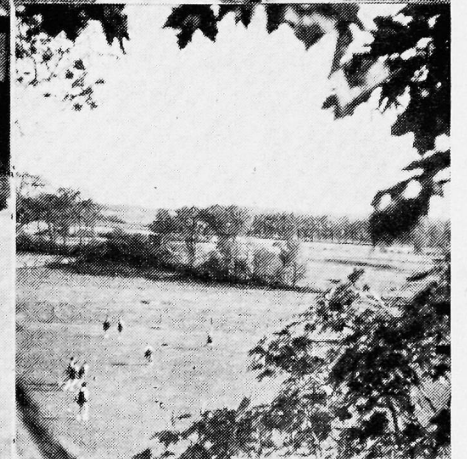
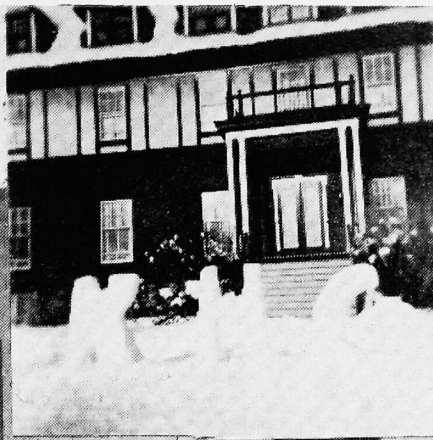
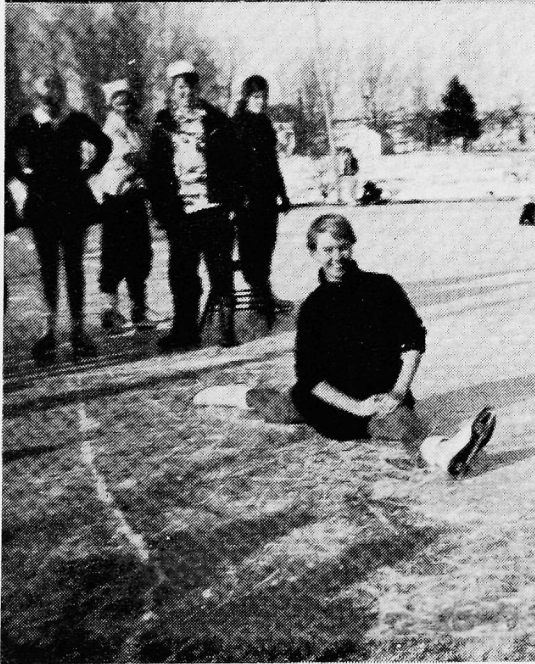
HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

Besides the regular classes in cooking and sewing taken by all girls up to VI B, the school offers a course for those who wish to specialize in the subject. This year five people are taking the course, two from VIB, two from VIA, and one from Matric.

Last year, Mlle Dumont began giving instruction in weaving with such success that she has continued to do so again this year. The weaving does not interfere with the usual sewing and cooking classes, or with the annual dinner served to Miss Gillard and her guests.

We have accomplished a great deal under the capable and encouraging eye of Mlle Dumont. I don't know what we would do without her. Thank you, Mademoiselle, for all your help.

JANET LAKE, Matric.



VI A FORM REPORT

King's Hall,
Compton, P.Q.

Dear Pen-Pal,

In our last letter we told you all about our school and its activities . . . social and otherwise. Now we shall try to tell you something about the VI A Form.

There are twenty-eight of us, of whom four were new last September. These are Barbara Cope and Helen Tucker from Montreal, Daphne Dawe from Newfoundland, and Ann Ramsay from Ottawa. Ann has just gone to England, ("Bon Voyage Ann") but we expect her back next autumn. Our Form Captains have been Jill Woods and Wendy Johnston. They have done a wonderful job with us who frequently get "out of hand". At the beginning of the year . . . in September . . . Joanne Dick had the thankless task of making out the monitor lists. Thanks, Jo! Tonia Mitchell was our Sports' Captain in the first term and Helen Tucker in the second. We put in a very good year of sports and fun under these two.

In each of the three terms we had a great deal of fun putting on a play. Before Christmas it was a Nativity play, "A Babe in the Inn," before Easter, "The Bishop's Candlesticks", and after Easter, "Elizabeth Refuses," a one-act play adapted from *Pride and Prejudice*.

In our last letter we mentioned the "Formal", but I don't think we said anything about the decorations for it. This year Nancy Millen, our "Rising Rembrandt", Helen Tucker, and of course the rest of VI A painted practically everything in sight pink and black, that being our colour scheme. This may sound conceited, but we were quite proud of the results!

We have tried to help the Matrics, this year by taking some of their bleak duties.

We all feel that this has been one of our most pleasant years at K. H. C., which is saying a great deal. As a Form we have tried to work well together through good and bad, and behind us all the way was one person to whom we owe all our thanks and our deep appreciation; this is our Form Mistress, Miss Keith. Thank you again and again for everything you did for us to make '54 such a happy, eventful year.

As we must get this letter in the next mail we shall say "au revoir."

Love and best wishes,

JUDY ST. GEORGE, VI A

Excerpts from the Diary of a Young
Lady of Fashion in VI B, 1953-54

SEPTEMBER:

. . . . Back to school on the 15th for another year. Feel like big stuff. I'm in VI B now. Several new faces, all looking friendly and full of fun.

. . . . Soccer is now in full swing. Have pretty good teams, love playing.

. . . . Miss Robertson is our Form Mistress—so glad.

. . . . Lynn Morris elected form captain, Barbie Miller Sports. What a wonderful combination.

OCTOBER:

. . . . Oh Dear! Clothes checking! Bet there is enough to set a person up in the clothing business.

. . . . Thanksgiving already. Had a wonderful turkey dinner.

. . . . Tea dance better than expected. Did not meet anyone in particular but have my eye on a good looking one.

. . . . Terrific Hallowe'en. Whole Form went as United Nations. Everything from cave men to men from Mars.

NOVEMBER:

. . . . Formal was divine. Think I've got that good looking one hooked.

. . . . Went to Guild Tea at church. Everyone enjoyed it.

. . . . Dr. Jefferis looked at all my neat (?) notebooks.

DECEMBER:

. . . . Absolutely no time. Have exams now, but must mention Christmas party was really wonderful.

. . . . holidays.

JANUARY:

. . . . Back to school after a terrific holiday.

. . . . Weather super for skiing and skating.

. . . . Eve Smith elected Form Captain and Gay Hardinge sports. Another terrific pair.

. . . . Right in basketball season now. Lots of fun.

. . . . Put on our play "Women at War" was very successful.

FEBRUARY:

. . . . Almost whole form went sliding at the ravine. Returned with very sore derrières.

. . . . Wrote final Biology. It was the first one to be printed on that "student slave driver," the ditto machine.

. . . . Barb Miller gave us all delicious fruit from Florida.

. . . . Unexpected dance with B.C.S. Don't like that other fellow anymore. Got my eye on another one.

MARCH:

. . . . Isn't it wonderful! Miss Robertson is engaged. VI B has lost a wonderful Form Mistress, but we wish her every happiness.

. . . . Miss Robertson took the whole Form to Hillcrest. Skiing was excellent and everyone had a divine time.

. . . . Lateer is simply marvellous. Took our minds off exams!

APRIL:

. . . . Back at school after a divine Easter.

. . . . Playing lots of baseball. Tons of fun.

. . . . Sue Schneider won first prize in the Art Contest with a wonderful oil painting.

MAY:

. . . . Put on our play in Sherbrooke.

. . . . Must close now; diary is going to press!!!

EVE HARGRAFT

BARBARA KERR

V A FORM REPORT

This year there are twenty-nine girls in V A. The fifteen new girls and fourteen old girls come from various parts of the world. Irma Schiess is from San Salvador; Liz Echols, from British Guiana. Tottie Schneider is from Philadelphia, and Ann Iddon from New York, while Judy Gruchy and Betty Moore come from Newfoundland. Ontario has given us Linda Grier, Sue Huycke, Anne Holton, Frances Harley, Heather Morris, Lynn Weir, Barb Rooney, Bambi Reeves, and Eva Waddell; Montreal or vicinity is the home of Brenda Cuthbertson, Jane Cushing, Lucy Doucet, Di Fowler, Ann Henderson, Marj Jamieson, Di MacDougall, Sue Meagher, Tony Newman, Judy Perron, Lyse Quenneville, Janet Smith, Carol Ogilvy, and Tony Taylor.

We have had a wonderful year of work and fun. We played basketball, soccer, softball, and volleyball, and we skated, skied, and played badminton. In February we all went to Hillcrest for a perfect afternoon of skiing. Tottie Schneider, Janet Smith, Heather Morris, and Elizabeth Echols were our representatives on the Junior Basketball team. Heather Morris won the Junior Championship in the badminton tournament.

In the winter term we produced a play called "A Souvenir" under the direction of Miss Hewson. We all loved doing it, and wish to thank Miss Hewson for giving us so much of her time.

School would not be school without a share of night visiting. Of course on the night after one of these events no patter of feet could be heard on the creaky boards, for everyone had dropped off to sleep with the weariness of that hour and a half "croc" walk!

During the year we had two form captains—Heather Morris and Janet Smith; we had a new sports captain each term. Ann Iddon in the first term, Carol Ogilvy in the second, and Linda Grier in the third. We thank all our class officers for the hard work they have done.

Altogether the year has been a very successful one, and we are most grateful to Miss Hughes, our Form Mistress, for helping to make it a year to be remembered.

"V A INCORPORATED"

V B FORM REPORT

This year V B consisted of eleven girls, and we have had a happy and successful year together. Two girls are from foreign countries. They are Elise Menaché, from South America and Diana Gibson, from Central America. The others claim Canada as their home.

Cynthia Bailey was our Form Captain the first term and Patty McFetrick the second term. Both girls did their job very well. I must say that it was not always easy to keep us in order.



The first term our Form produced two plays. One was called "The Princess in Tartary" and the leading characters were Beverly Rooney, Joanne Miller and Debby Powell. Elizabeth Price was our narrator. It was successfully directed by Miss Gibb. The second was a Nativity play, "The Finding of the King." All the Form took part and the play was produced by Miss Hewson. We would like to thank Miss Gibb and Miss Hewson for the time they spent with us in producing these plays.

We enjoyed an active year in sports. Our Captains, Jane Mitchell and Joanne Millar, have done a very good job. We have played soccer, tennis, volleyball, basketball, and badminton and have enjoyed them all. In the winter term, skiing and skating were our favourite pastimes, and our two Sports Captains were on the Junior ski team. Of course, the pool is always a favourite. Patty Elvidge is our star swimmer.

Our Form have enjoyed many social events. Mrs. Aitken invited us to a musical evening which was enjoyed by all. On Guy Fawkes day, Celia Harverson invited us to her home where we had much fun around a bonfire. Many Friday evenings after skating we enjoyed hot chocolate and shortbread at the Junior House, made by Mrs. Gibb and Miss Gibb.

We would like to thank Miss Ramsay, our Form Mistress, for helping us with our many difficulties and making our year an exceptionally happy one.

V B JOINT EFFORT

IV A FORM REPORT

Our Form, IV A, is almost hidden by the VI B room, but once you get in you see a cheerful, bright room with eight active girls, three old ones and five new ones.

Heather Black is very good at sports; in fact, she is almost a one-man team. Sue Southby is the best-natured in the class and can see the funny side of almost everything. Jareth Taylor is a very thoughtful girl. She is also a very good singer, usually taking the solo part in our plays. Judy Bignell seems to be the brain of the class and is also a good skier. Our room would certainly be untidy many times if it were not for Wendy Whitehead. She is never satisfied until some kind of order has been gained. Elaine Audet is the youngest in the class, but not the smallest. Sally Myles' chief trouble is losing things, but with our help she manages to get along. As for the writer, I have nothing to say.

Our Form Captains have been Judy Bignell, Elaine Audet and Jennifer Parsons. I am glad to

say the Form has co-operated with the Form Captains in every way.

This year, with the rest of the Juniors, we put on a Christmas Play with the help of Miss Hewson. Later this year we are going to put on another play with the help of Miss Gibb.

Our Form wishes to thank Mrs. Elliott for being such a wonderful Form Mistress and having such patience with us.

JENNIFER PARSONS

IV B FORM REPORT

There are seven people in IV B this year. Virginia Echols is the youngest and comes from British Guiana. Renée Moncel went to school in England but comes from Nova Scotia. Wendy Watson is good in sports. Jennifer Woods has merry laughter and a happy smile. Bobby Starke is the French-speaking member of the class. Julia Kingston just came this term, and Angela Tinkler is English.

Our Form is a small one, but the III A's come and join us for some classes.

Most Friday nights we have Scottish Dancing with Miss Gibb and sometimes, for an extra treat in the winter, we go skating instead.

The IV B's took part in a Nativity Play in the Christmas term. It was called "The Finding of the King". We are having another play in the Spring term.

We all had a lovely time at the Formal, and at Hallowe'en when we went as "Sleeping Beauty".

We have had a very enjoyable year with Miss Gibb, our Form Mistress, and we would like to thank her for all she has done for us.

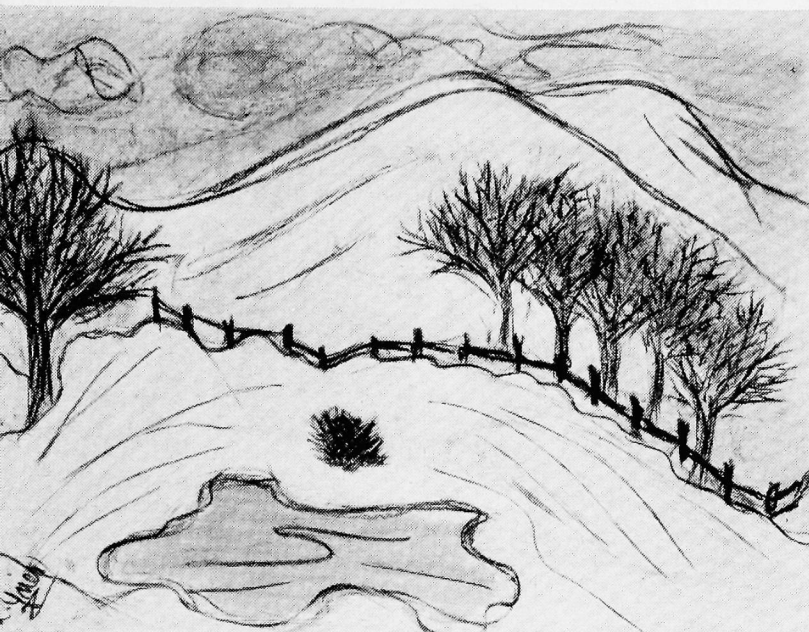
ANGELA TINKLER

III A FORM REPORT

The youngest and smallest Form in the school is III A. Its three members: Josette Cochand, Marcia Pacaud, and Merrill Rudel have had a busy year but have found time for class games and for drawing pictures to decorate the walls. Sometimes they have had classes with the IV B's.

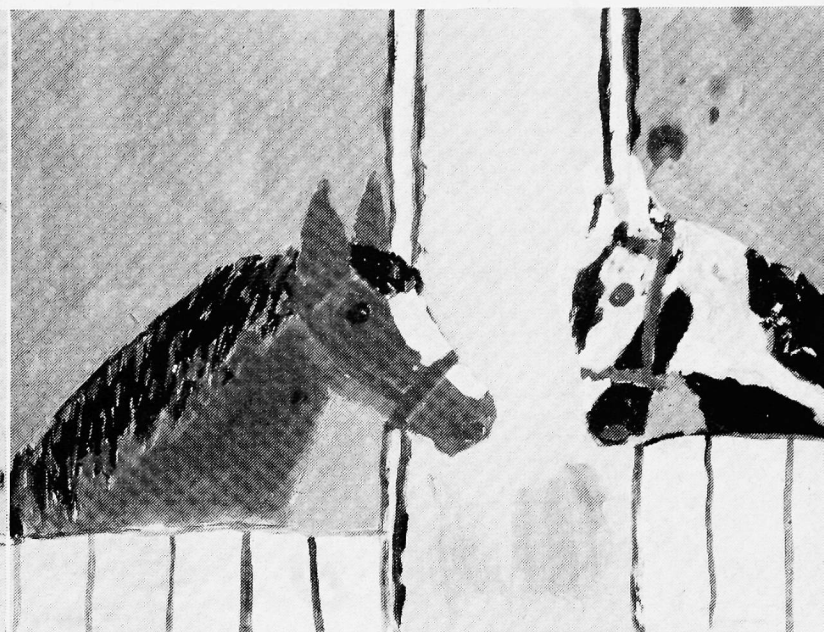
The III A's were in a Christmas play and are doing another play during the Summer term. They are also keen on sports—especially skiing and skating.

It has been a happy year, though, for Josette, who often chatters about her home and family; for Marcia, tiny and talkative; and for Merrill, who has kept the form room in order all year.



Left: Snow Scene—
L. WEIR, V A

Center: Still life—pitcher, etc.
C. GRANT, VI A



Right: Horses—
A. TINKLER, IV B

ART REPORT

This year we have been extremely lucky in having Miss Wood to teach us in the Art Room. There has been scenery for every play put on during the year and some of the back drops were most impressive. Each form has been busy working at various types of art. The Juniors are responsible for the cardboard villages, papier maché figures, and a variety of scenes drawn in pastels which add colour and life when posted in the Art Room. On the other hand the Seniors have been occupied drawing in charcoal and pencil and painting still life in water colour. In both cases there has been a certain amount of concentration on perspective, which Miss Wood has explained—perhaps in vain, however!

In the Special Art classes on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons we have covered different types of work. Several times girls have posed for those attending the class and in that way we accomplish figure drawing. Then leather work was introduced—for many it was a new occupation. After

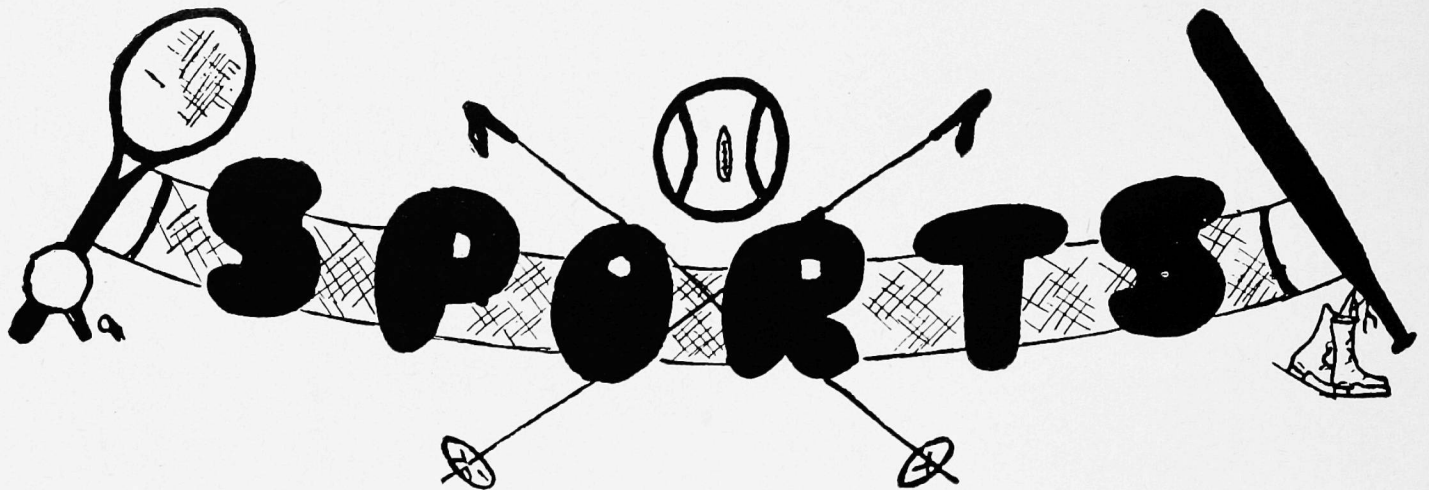


practising on the simpler things such as book marks key and comb cases, we then branched off into more difficult subjects such as belts, billfolds and purses. We can all most certainly say it has been a successful year, and our thanks go to Miss Wood who made it possible through her constant help.

J. GORDON, Matric.

THE ART CONTEST

As the magazine goes to press we are pleased to congratulate Susan Schneider VI B and Angela Tinkler IV B for the honour they brought to the school by their excellent work in art. The Quebec Federation of Home and School Associations sponsored a province-wide art contest for children of all school grades. Of more than two thousand children who entered the contest, sixty-seven won prizes and the top four won scholarships. Susan was among these four, while Angela's drawing received Honourable Mention. King's Hall is proud of you and wishes you even greater success in the future.



SPORT'S CAPTAIN'S REPORT

This year everybody took a keen interest in sports thanks to the untiring help and support of Miss Welsman, our new gym teacher, who came to us from McGill with many new ideas.

The soccer season began late in September with the Form and House games. These games gave every girl a chance to play on either her form or her house team, and those who didn't play cheered on their respective teams. There were two school teams—a Junior and a Senior—which should be congratulated for their fine showing. We were unable to play our annual games against Stanstead; this was a great disappointment. We did play against the B.C.S. Prep team and the first football team. The final results did not favor King's Hall, but both teams put up a very good fight.

When the weather put an end to the soccer we retired to the gym in the afternoons for volleyball. All the teams were very evenly matched and this produced some hard-fought games between both Forms and Houses. There was a Staff-Prefect game with the Prefects having command over the Staff—for once!

The second term saw the start of skiing, skating, badminton and basketball. The skiing was very good this year and many enjoyable afternoons were passed on the ski hill or going through the Coaticook woods. Thanks to Miss Robertson there were frequent trips to Hillcrest. A Junior and Senior Team represented our school at a ski meet at Hillcrest and did very well. For the non-skiers, the ice on the pond was in good condition throughout the winter.

Badminton was a very popular sport this year and nearly everyone entered the Singles and Doubles tournaments. The finals in the Singles have been played, but as yet the Doubles have not really begun. The games were hard fought and congratulations go to the winners.

Another sport for which everyone showed great enthusiasm was basketball. There were the usual inter-House and Form games which were played with keen competition. The Junior and Senior teams played two games against Stanstead.

A swimming meet among the Houses was held at the end of the term. MacDonald took first place, with Rideau and Montcalm splashing very close behind.

As the Magazine goes to press, baseball is in full swing. Form teams are being chosen and we should see some very good games.

The new tennis courts are not yet finished, but the two old ones are being used all the time. Miss Robertson is giving lessons to the professionals of tomorrow and soon we hope to have some tournaments.

That ends another year of sports at King's Hall. On behalf of everyone I should like to thank Miss Welsman for giving so much of her time to teach us new games as well as to help us improve the old ones. We are also most grateful to Mr. Roberts for helping us with the soccer. I should also like to thank all the girls themselves for their co-operation and good sportsmanship and I hope that next year will be as successful as this has been.

JANEY McNAB

BASKETBALL REPORT

This year, as always, the girls have taken a great interest in basketball, the result being thrilling games for both the players and the spectators. The competition between the Houses was strong and all game scores were close. Games were also played between Forms, with the Matric Form winning the series. Then came the days of the school team "try-outs", when every girl played her hardest in the hope of being chosen for the team. The number of girls for the Senior and Junior teams was reduced to twelve and finally to nine.

The first game against Stanstead was played at King's Hall, where all enjoyed the speed and excitement of the game and where the teams enjoyed refreshments in the lounge afterwards. Two weeks later the second game was played at Stanstead. After the game the King's Hall teams were very kindly invited to have supper at Stanstead. We all had a good time, and wish to thank Stanstead for the fine games and for the fun of seeing and playing with them.

Although many people helped to make this season a good one, our thanks go most of all to Miss Welsman. She has been a patient, helpful, and excellent coach, and has given us a splendid and interesting basketball year. We wish you were going to be with us next year, Miss Welsman. Our best wishes go with you.

BARBARA NEWELL, VI A

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VOLLEYBALL

This year volleyball has held the interest of nearly all the school. We started to play the game at the beginning of November and played right on until we closed for the Christmas holidays. The games that were played included Form games, House games, and even a Staff-Prefect game, in which the prefects were the lucky winners. Of the Form games the Matrics won the First Team games and the VI A's won the Second Team games. As the scores for the House games were very close, MacDonald is to be congratulated on being the victors.

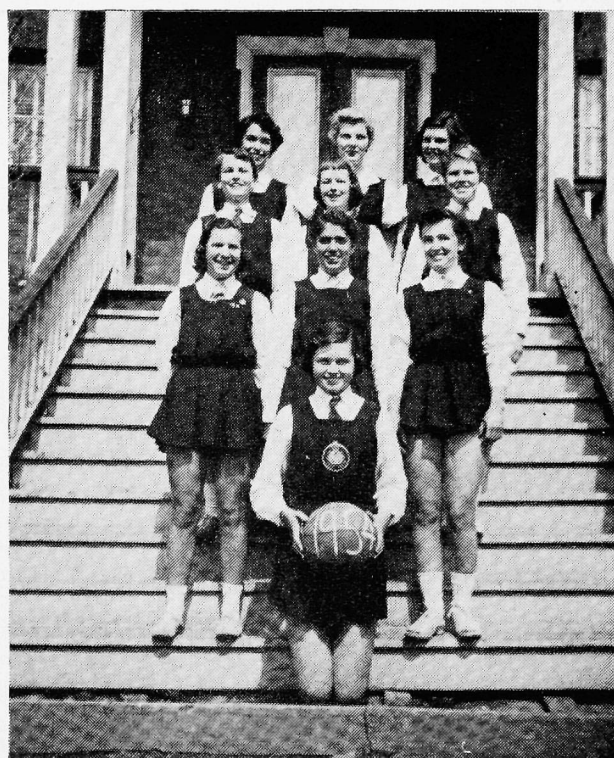
The volleyball season has been such an enjoyable one for both players and spectators that everyone is looking forward eagerly to the next volleyball season.

SANDY SMITH, VI A



SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: B. J. Newell, Miss Welsman, S. Cathers.
Third Row: H. Tucker, A. Mitchell, J. McNab.
Second Row: A. McNally, B. Gibaut, J. Gordon.
Front Row: J. Taylor (Captain).



JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: H. Schneider, Miss Welsman, G. Hardinge
Third Row: B. Kerr, J. Douglas-Lane, J. Smith.
Second Row: S. Haas, B. Cope, J. Pacaud.
Front Row: E. Smith (Captain)



SKI TEAM

Back Row: M. McMaster.
 Fourth Row: H. Tucker, V. Nesbit.
 Third Row: A. Mitchell, M. Bogert.
 Second Row: P. Creery, J. Millar.
 Front Row: J. Mitchell, J. Cochand.

HILLCREST EXCURSIONS

Skiing is one of the favourite sports here at King's Hall. Besides the good cross-country runs near the school, we are lucky indeed not to be very far away from Hillcrest Lodge, with its variety of ski hills and trails.

Hillcrest Lodge is situated in North Hatley about twelve miles from Compton. Here are hills and trails for beginners and experts alike. Each hill has a rope tow, while one special tow carries you up to the top of the mountain. From here you have the choice of skiing down any one of four well-marked trails.

This year Miss Robertson has again supervised the trips of many ski-enthusiasts to this spot. One day the two top forms missed their afternoon classes to have a fun-filled and spill-filled afternoon of skiing.

We should all like to thank Miss Robertson, not only for taking us over, but also for helping us to improve our skiing ability.

CLAIRE DAVIDSON, Matric.

SWIMMING REPORT

The interest in swimming has become keener than ever this year. The swimming pool was used a great deal during the Easter Term. It made the long dull winter afternoons go so much faster when we realized that a refreshing swim was waiting for us after that last class.

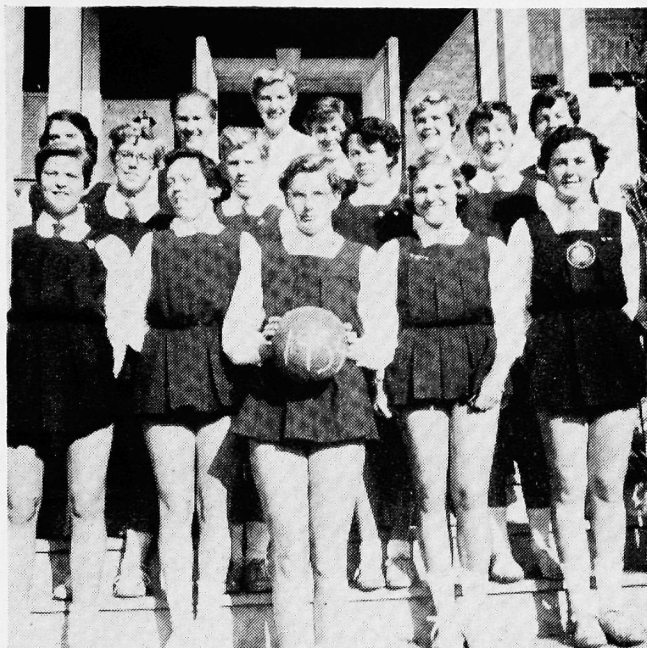
At the close of the Easter Term an inter-House swimming meet was held in which MacDonald took top honours. The swimming meet was such a success that the Prefects are trying to arrange a diving competition. If this materializes it should also prove very popular. Before I close I should like, on behalf of the girls, to thank Miss Welsman and Miss Keyzer for all the free time they gave up in order that we could use the pool so frequently throughout the year.

JILL WOODS, VI A



BADMINTON SINGLES

Senior: Anne McNally, Junior: Heather Morris.



SOCCER

King's Hall had a very successful soccer season this year. The class games went off well under the able supervision of Miss Welsman, with almost everyone taking part. House games soon followed, as the weather remained favourable. Montcalm took the lead with seven points, while Macdonald came second with four.

We played two outside matches, one with the B.C.S. Prep. School and one with their football team. Our senior team challenged the Bishop's Prep. School on October 21, but lost 4-3. Tony Mitchell got the only goal, and Judy Taylor the only free kick.

King's Hall was a little baffled on November 14 when Bishop's football team came prancing out onto the soccer field and started doing "push-ups", but the soccer game soon got under way. Our junior team played the first half of the game, in which the score was 2-0 for Bishop's. In the last half, Marge McMaster of the senior team came through with the one and only goal for King's Hall. The score ended 4-2 in favour of Bishop's.

We regret that through various circumstances the traditional matches with Stanstead had to be cancelled, but we hope to meet their teams next year.

We all enjoyed the soccer very much this year and wish to thank Miss Welsman and Mr. Roberts for their help and encouragement, which greatly influenced our playing.

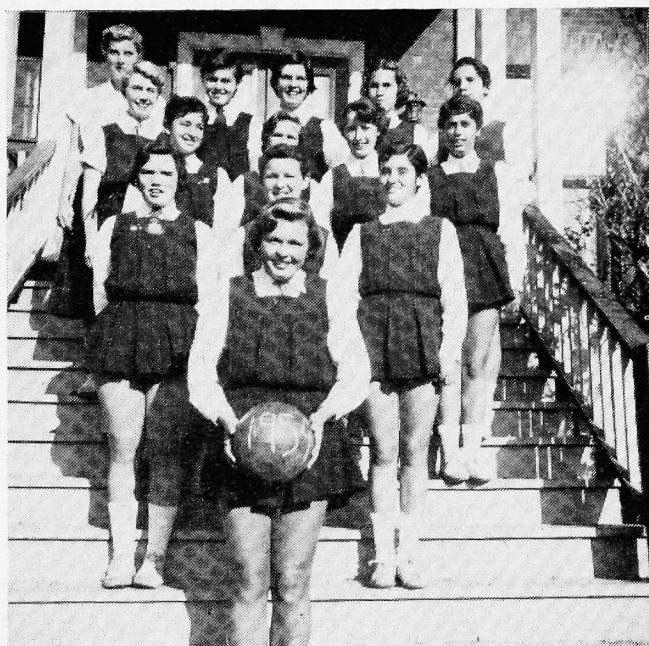
BARBARA COPE, VI A

SENIOR SOCCER

Front Row: A. Mitchell, B. Gibaut, J. McNab (Captain), H. Leduc, A. McNally.
 Middle Row: J. Taylor, H. Mackenzie, C. Davidson, H. Tucker.
 Back Row: M. Chaplin, M. McMaster, Miss Welsman, A. Rawlings, J. Woods, S. A. Downs.

JUNIOR SOCCER

Front Row: B. Miller (Captain)
 Second Row: J. Gordon, T. Abbott, S. Bogert.
 Third Row: J. Pacaud, S. Haas, D. Smith, B. Cope.
 Fourth Row: S. Cuthbertson, E. Smith, G. Hardinge, S. Ward, S. Eakin, Miss Welsman.

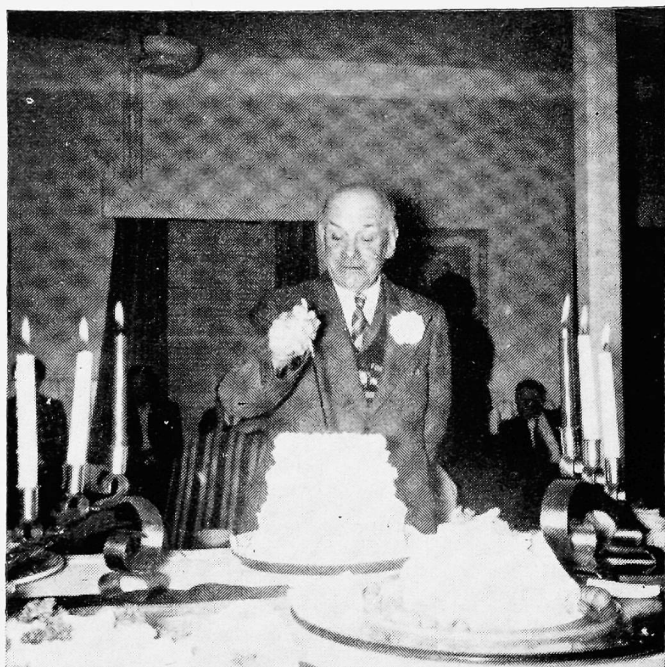


TENNIS REPORT

This year great improvements have been made in our tennis courts. Two new courts have been made beside the old ones, while the latter have been re-surfaced and are now minus the bumps and pot-holes they had before!

As this is still early in the season the tournaments have not yet been organized. Fortunately for us Miss Robertson is teaching tennis again this year. We should like to thank you, Miss Robertson, for your patience and help. We are only sorry that you will not be with us next year. Because of the good courts the enthusiasm for tennis has become even stronger, and the courts are never empty. We may spend many enjoyable afternoons on the two courts we now have, and we anticipate with pleasure using the two new courts which will await us in September, and which will make the enthusiasm for tennis even greater.

ANNE RAWLINGS, VI A



FORTY YEARS GONE

In the year 1914 there was a school in the Eastern Townships known as Compton Ladies' College. How much do you know about that college or indeed, about the ladies who gave it its name? You might say casually, "Oh it was rather different, they say." This will tell you exactly how different!

The school was much smaller then. In place of one hundred and forty-six girls there was a mere handful of forty-five. These girls led much the same life as we do with a few major differences.

To begin with, they didn't have Mr. Hall's farm where we get our numerous apples each autumn, nor had they the pleasure of long walks through the fields to the top of Windy. And the soccer-field just didn't exist! However, the girls played basketball outside, and in winter a covered rink adorned the spot where we now have our tennis courts. Close to the rink was a big toboggan slide. Unfortunately the timber rotted and that was the end of that.

Apparently, forty years back, Compton Ladies' College was like the inside of a deep-freeze, and the radiators used to spend their time bursting from the cold (in the snowy season). The girls, who had to make the best of the indoor temperatures, used to wear their fur coats to meals.

Speaking of meals, it's a good thing there weren't a hundred and forty-six girls to feed then! The kitchen was in the basement, and all the food and dishes were sent up on a dumb waiter. This device used to break periodically, and the people in the

kitchen spent most of their time picking up pieces of broken china. Another of their pastimes was washing dishes. Our huge dishwasher was unthought of then!

The teams of horses used to prove their worth in those days. They drew water from the stream across the road to dump into the reservoir. They brought the girls to and from the station as well as all their trunks and suitcases. Best of all, they served for a good many sleigh-rides!

Every morning the whole school got up at seven a.m. and did violent exercises for fifteen minutes before breakfast. If weather permitted, the exercises before breakfast were taken outside. The rooms were called by various colours, and one, the blue room, was divided by curtains into cubicles for seven girls. The water for washing had to be brought up in buckets. However, despite the changing times, one custom has remained. Forty years ago the girls had to gargle with salt and water!

So you see, forty years may be a long time, but King's Hall has meant the same thing to past generations as it does to the present, a place of learning, a place full of friends, a place to remember with affection forever.

It is hardly necessary to say that the man in the above picture is Jimmy Skuse. Everybody knows Jimmy! Why, he must have fixed your skis a dozen times this winter! And what would the Matrics have done without Jimmy to make all the props. for their Entertainment? This year, Jimmy celebrated his fortieth anniversary at King's Hall. He was surprised with a big party at which he was guest of honour. As a mark of congratulation and appreciation Jimmy was presented with a purse, forty dollars of which he discovered "growing" on a little tree. Mr. Kennedy, a member of the board, wrote a very clever poem about Jimmy which was read aloud by Miss Gillard. Here is part of it and you'll see just why Jimmy is so invaluable and why we'd hate ever to lose him.

Throughout these years our Jimmy Skuse
Would tighten bolts or screws come loose
Repair the pumps, paint walls or chairs—
The guy's a wizard at repairs—
Tables, lamps, dolls or skis
Bikes or books—even skinned knees.
Fixes the stage, cleans out the pool
Repairs a furnace or kitchen stool—
There's naught—bent, broken, torn or loose
That can't be fixed by Jimmy Skuse.
Nightwatchman, gardener, cook or miek
He **even** pasterizes milk.



SPRING COMES SLOWLY UP THIS WAY

The little brook grunted. It was a difficult job to push these blocks of ice down stream, but after a mighty effort the ice sailed away in a rush of gurgling triumph. In his of her own way, every tiny thing belonging to nature was preparing for Spring. She had sent the robin to say that she was coming slowly, and even though everything knew this, it rushed about its various jobs as though she were arriving the next minute.

The sun was glowing with happiness. His heat had had so little effect for such a long time! Now every snowy patch fled before his determined rays. He could see the eager seeds bursting from their shells, stretching, stretching to reach his warmth. He was deeply touched at their happiness to see him. In fact, the sun was very popular. The trees loved him dearly. They raised their strengthened limbs to him and besought his touch. He gladly gave it and the contented trees came alive again. Tiny green buds appeared on their branches. Rich sap flowed from their hearts. The damp grass lying flat on the ground made valiant efforts to stand upright, but having been sat on by several feet of snow for three months, it was finding itself assigned to no easy task. The sun dried the grass and it took heart and sprang into greenness. The sun looked longingly at the farthest horizon. But Spring was nowhere to be seen. Hasten! Be ready when she does come.

Robins and swallows busily erected their tiny homes. A piece of string here, a twig there, a snippet of straw to fill in that gap and a touch of mud for a smooth, finished look. There! What a lovely little place! So clean and neat and absolutely perfect in detail! Mrs. Robin and Mrs. Swallow compare notes and decide that string is better than a piece of cloth because one can weave it into the other materials.

The crocuses are Spring's own special flower. They arrange themselves daintily in their little beds and turn their faces to the sun. The baby crocuses are patted firmly into their places. They have a tendency to jump when they are excited!

The warm wind rushes excitedly past whispering, "She is coming! She is coming! She's more beautiful than ever this year!" A baby crocus, unable to stand the suspense, leaps excitedly from his place. Mother pays no attention. She is watching the arrival of Spring. A silence falls over nature. Then the birds begin to sing their praise in true, sweet voices. The music fills the air and sails into the blue heavens. Spring floats towards her little people.

Her flowing robes are of misty violet. Her golden hair frames her beautiful face and reaches her dainty lily-white feet. There is a dead silence and all is still except for the little jumping crocus. Spring smiles and the sun renews his splendour. She bends over and picks up the baby crocus who reaches up to kiss her cheek. She thrones him in her golden hair. Stretching forth her white arms she sighs with happiness.

Her voice rises above the singing like a soft, clear bell. "I could not hope for a lovelier welcome," she said. A white mist enshrouds her. "Now I must go." Summer is already preparing to visit you.

She vanishes over the brow of a hill leaving a trail of sparkling dew. Everyone sheds a silent tear. The sun quickly dries his eyes and says, "Stop all that nonsense now. Don't forget that Summer will be coming in less than a month."

But there is something in his voice that belies his words. For when Spring has come your way and filled you with her beauty, no other season can take her place in your heart.

SHEILA DOUGLAS LANE, Matric.

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THE RUNAWAY

As I was wandering down the quiet lane leading into the park one beautiful fall afternoon, a sudden shrill neigh and the clatter of galloping hooves broke the still air. Down the street dashed the runaway horse. The unfortunate rider was leaning on the horse's neck, her eyes wide with fright, her hat blown off, and her long brown hair flying in the wind. The horse's muscles glistened under his shining chestnut coat, his eyes flashed, and his mighty head was held high as he charged down the road like a magnificent war horse out of a page of ancient history. He flashed by me in a streak of red and dashed through the heavy wrought-iron gate into the golden park. By a pond set like a silver coin in a multicoloured gypsy's bandanna, two little boys lifted their fair heads from their boats and watched in awe, their mouths slightly open, as the horse and rider thundered past. The mighty beast seemed barely to touch the ground as he rushed on, his tail streaming in silky strands behind him, his flying hooves flashing, until he was finally hidden in the screen of colour and lost from view. Only the rhythmic hoof-beats remained, echoing back through the falling leaves.

RAE MACCULLOCH, VI A

HEARTS AND LAUGHTER

The afternoon was full of excitement. It was full of magic, too, so that the three brown-throated boys running barefoot along the hard wet sands shouted and plunged in wild abandon. About them the mad, impetuous wind tossed the grey waves into silver crests and the singing trees into verdant brooms sweeping the horizon over the lonely sand-hill. From a distance the running figures must have been floating silhouettes against the cloudy combination of sea and sky, but as I approached them they were the very symbol of life. There was life in their quick, hard breathing, and in the way their cheeks flushed with the effort of running; in the beating of the tiny pulse at their temples, and the way their hair curled damply round their foreheads. They were the only living creatures in that great, empty void where the windy heavens were a warning and the sea a sulky enemy—except me—but an unseen witness has no right to be considered.

I had been sent to get John once before, but his disbelief, coupled with my half-hearted unwillingness had made it impossible, and I had been recalled in order to give us both time for consideration. This afternoon it was inevitable that I should take him back with me, for the way had been prepared by a greater power than mine. I hated my task with all the furious resentment of which a changeling is capable. Was it not enough that they had taken me, without taking the mortal I had learned to love? And to set me to his capture—that was the worst of it. With a heavy heart I had made my way to the stormy beach where I knew he would be.

They were arguing over a school-affair—some trivial matter to occupy their tongues as they sat in the sheltered cove. I listened for a few moments with an acute sense of loneliness, then touched John on the shoulder. He wheeled around sharply. The other two continued to talk, unmindful of their companion's agitation. He and I stood silent, regarding each other with tempered curiosity.

"You know what I've come for," I said evenly.

"Yes," he stated simply, "I rather thought it would be soon." He glanced at his wrist-watch. "It's almost three; can't you give me the afternoon?"

I could not deny him. "Until five."

"Thanks", he retorted briefly, and turned to thrust himself back into the conversation. After a while he rose and wandered to the very edge of the sea, where the tide licked at his bare feet and swished about his ankles. I stood at his shoulder.

"Will it be the sea?" he asked, without turning his head.

"Yes," I replied dully, hating to watch the fright and agony in his eyes.

"Can't you go away?" he turned on me sharply. "Leave me alone while you can!"

"It doesn't make any difference; you'll find that where you're going everyone can read everyone else's thought, and there's no such thing as a secret. Hearts and laughter are for mortals and there's no allowance for the changelings," I muttered bitterly.

He stared at the cruel billows and smiled ruefully. "I wouldn't last time. Remember?"

I fairly choked back my tears and stumbled away from him. The other boys were still chattering among themselves, seeming hardly aware of their friend's absence. Later I approached him as he stood knee-deep in the swirling water, his eyes on the grey sky.

"I know," he exclaimed hotly as I came up close beside him. "Ten more minutes".

Presently he turned and retraced his steps back to the sandy shore. His eyes shone with fear, and a deeper agony that came with a realization of what this would be. He didn't quite understand—I saw that at a glance, and felt a flood of sympathy. I had been the same way. He bent his head and caught me staring at him.

"Don't look so worried. It's not your fault." He caught my hand and with steady steps walked across the stretch of firm sand to where the looser soil lay in the sudden sunlight. A shout from the other two boys swung him around to face the sea again, and he saw what they were pointing at. It was a bulky drifting shape on the moving waves.

We turned again to the flat empty plains leading to the purple mountains. The wind stirred something in me and I began to run. He ran too—swiftly and lightly—as if he had already forgotten what had just passed. But when I stole a look at him his mouth was set in a tight, hard line, and his eyes were dark with stubborn anger.

ANONYMOUS

A PICTURE I WOULD LIKE TO PAINT

The sky was a dusky mauve, softly illuminated by the gold light the setting sun shone on the smoky, scattered clouds which hung high above the earth. A cool, caressing breeze whispered to the rustling leaves at the edge of the enchanted forest, and joined in with the frolics of the chattering grey squirrels which were having their last game of chase before sundown. The sun was sinking quickly now, and I could hear the birds in the treetops warbling sleepy songs to one another as they settled in their nest for the night. There was a quiet bustle of wood-folk — chipmunks, squirrels and mice — scurrying along the forest floor to get back to their homes before the sun vanished completely behind the distant hills. The sky changed its mauve to a deep purple which seemed to envelope the world in a silent shroud. Night had fallen; all was still—all but the silver babbling brook which leapt gaily over stones and pebbles on its way through the heart of the small forest.

If the beauty of a scene like this could be recaptured on canvas it would be the picture I should like most of all to try to paint. This painting could not perhaps be drawn as everyone would see it, for the mystery one feels in a forest, or the peace of sundown cannot be represented by any accurate drawing of the trees, the sun or the clouds. The abstract feeling must be there or the picture has lost its meaning. True art is subtle, and sometimes one may have to study a picture for quite a while before discovering the feelings the artist is trying to convey. I would try to paint this picture in a semi-abstract style drawing the trees as if they were almost able to move by themselves, but keeping essential details, such as the rough bark, that makes one realize that even a plant as large as a tree is made up of much delicate detail. The clouds in the sky give a feeling of freeness, and the gold lining on them, put there by the setting sun, adds a peaceful joy to the scene.

There are, however, many things that couldn't be painted—the cheerful babbling of the brook, the song of the birds, and the rustle of the tree tops. These are still important to an artist as they inspire him to paint the visual beauty that surrounds him and help to create the mood the artist wishes to convey. I would never be able to paint this picture the way I would really want it to be, but I should enjoy trying.

NANCY MILLEN, VI A

A RIDER'S PRAYER

Give me the thunder of galloping hooves
And a straining, tossing way
Give me a gallant heart to lose
To an eager windy day.

Give me the rush of a flying wind
Give me a tossing mane
Give me a golden path to find
Give me to be again.

Give me forever the quickened leap
Of a careful strength set free
Give me forever the moment to keep
When heaven belongs to me.

L'ENFANT HONNETE

Un petit garçon s'en allait à pied le long de la rue. Des haillons recouvraient son corps débile. On voyait bien que sa famille était très pauvre.

Il regardait d'un air pensif des enfants plus âgés qui jouaient à la balle; il regardait aussi fixement et avec envie les vitrines des magasins. Bientôt, il arriva devant une épicerie. Un tonneau, rempli de belles grosses pommes rouges, était dehors sur le trottoir.

"J'en veux une", se dit-il, en lançant un regard de convoitise aux beaux fruits si tentants. "Je vais en prendre une".

Il regarda dans la boutique, l'épicier était occupé derrière le comptoir. Il vit que les autres garçons dans la rue ne l'avaient pas remarqué. Vite, il prit une grosse pomme et courut se cacher dans une ruelle.

"J'ai très faim," pensa-t-il, "comme je vais bien me régaler!" Mais comme il allait mordre dans son trésor volé, il pensa soudain qu'il avait pris le fruit qu'il tenait dans la main. Il revint alors sur ses pas et remplaça la pomme avec les autres, après quoi il s'en alla les larmes aux yeux.

"Petit garçon, reviens vite", appela une voix grave.

Il obéit. Le gros épicier, tout souriant, était devant lui. "Aimerais-tu des pommes?" Il avait vu le geste de l'enfant et avait tout deviné.

"Oh! Monsieur!" dit le pauvre petit, "vous êtes trop bon, mais je serais heureux d'en avoir une pour chacun des membres de ma famille". Il accepta six belles pommes avec beaucoup de remerciements.

Bien vite, il rentra chez lui, réalisant que l'honnêteté vaut mieux que tout.

T. ABBOT, VI B

WALKING WITH MY LANTERN

The last sheep had entered the fold and the door was shut. I could hear the old shepherd counting them under his breath. I watched his face, full of deep shadows made by the flickering firelight, for it was dark early on those spring evenings.

Suddenly the shepherd turned to me and said, "Misse, wad you count them sheep far meh, me old eyes ain't sa gude as they used ta be."

So I counted—thirty-five! Where were the other three? One ewe and her two lambs missing! They must be found before long, because it became very cold later in the night. The old shepherd and his son were tired; I was young, and so I offered to go in search of them. In five minutes I was ready with my little lantern and a borrowed crook. I set off down the path. I had an inkling as to where they might be, because they often seemed inclined to wander off in that direction . . . towards the east. I had to go on till I found them.

As it was not yet very cold, I could enjoy my surroundings quite freely. Outside the pale circle of light I could see very little . . . less and less as the light of the sunset slowly vanished from the sky. I had a feeling of curiosity as to what I would see next, and I had little bets with myself about the shadows I could see ahead, and if they would turn out to be what I thought. Sometimes they were some early spring flowers beside the path, in among the rocks, sometimes little gorse bushes. As I passed around a little village, for the sheep would not go in, hedgerows appeared instead of fences, and I had to search for the gate instead of climbing over the bars, hoping no cow would come quietly up and poke me, unaware! I passed the village and continued my search. I felt tired after a while and sat down on a bank to rest. Suddenly a great feeling of loneliness came over me . . . it seemed as if I were the only person awake in the whole universe. I lay back and looked into the sky, piercing deeper and deeper, till my brain swayed, trying to get beyond myself. I brought myself back with an involuntary gasp . . . "The silence of eternity . . ." I felt giddy . . . I must do something to break the stillness. I rustled my feet . . . what a comforting sound! I sat up and gazed into my lantern. It was comforting, the warm orange glow, and it seemed as if there was a cheerful little man in there, dancing. I didn't feel so lonely; I was lost in thought. Suddenly I heard a faint rustle and felt a cold Something on my arm. I jumped back in fear . . . but it was only the lost ewe, and she had her lambs with her, shivering from the cold. I hugged her for joy and relief!

It took me till dawn to get back, going slowly with frequent stops for the sake of the lambs. When we rested I arranged them in a circle with the lantern in the middle. The sheep seemed to find Him comforting too . . . my Little Man. When we arrived I put them straight into the fold, and then stood for a moment gazing around. The sun was on the point of rising; the whole horizon was gold, and to the right was a pile of dead bracken from which one branch stood out from the rest, piercing the light with a streak of black like a sharp sin in a person's clear character. Slowly I saw one point on the horizon brighten; the yellow fire rose above the mountain-slope slowly but surely; the lantern for the day . . . a far greater lantern than any human effort . . . the second greatest Lantern in the world.

PHILIPPA HARVERSON, VI A

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HOW THE FORGET-ME-NOT GOT ITS NAME

When God first made the earth He put many wonderful things on it, such as flowers, trees, birds, and animals. Among the flowers there was a dainty little blue flower that was very beautiful indeed, but because this little flower knew that she was pretty she became conceited and made everyone around her unhappy.

One day, while the little blue flower was boasting about her colour, about the way she held herself, and about the magnificent silkiness of her petals, a Host of Heavenly Angels sent a message throughout the world that the Lord was coming to inspect everything that He had made. After a great trumpet blast the Lord appeared in all His splendour. He inspected animal life from the smallest insect to the largest elephant, and was very pleased with what He saw. When at last He approached the little flower, she was so sure that the Lord would give her the most praise, that when He asked her her name she completely forgot it.

The poor little blue flower looked so pitiful and frightened that the Lord did not scold her, but said in a gentle voice, "Forget-Me-Not", and moved on to the rest of the creatures.

The little blue flower realized what she had done and was ashamed of herself. From that day on, throughout the earth, she became the little blue Forget-Me-Not.

LYNN WEIR, V A

THROUGH THE RED SEA AND SUEZ CANAL

Early in December, 1953, my parents and I boarded the Danish freighter, "Anna Maersk" in New York and started on our trip around the world. Two months later we arrived in Hong Kong, after passing through the Panama Canal. At Hong Kong we left the first ship and continued our voyage on the "Lexa Maersk". April 11th found us again in New York where, not without regrets, we left the ship. This was the end of our wonderful trip.

The following excerpts from my diary describe our journey through the Red Sea and the Suez Canal.

Aden. Aden, a British crown colony, lies on the extreme south-west point of Arabia at the entrance to the Red Sea. As there are no docks in Aden all ships anchor at buoys in the middle of the harbour, which is almost cut off from the sea by a large break-water. On the top of nearly all the surrounding hills of Aden are very large forts, which the Turks, under the great Sultan Mohammed, built about five hundred years ago to protect the people of Aden. Outside the city the same Turks built a very long and wide underground tunnel stretching through one of the large mountains. One end of this tunnel leads to the "tanks", while the other comes out into a military base. Behind the base, near the shore, one can see the Arabs building their large and sturdy dhows, which are used for crossing the Indian Ocean and passing through the Red Sea. Behind the city, right in the middle of the mountains, are ten reservoirs, or "tanks", known as the Queen of Sheba's Tanks. These "tanks", whose origin is unknown, are built one above the other with connecting sluices in between. There is a walk all the way around the tanks, so that one can climb right to the top of them.

The city of Aden itself is really not very large, the population being about one hundred thousand at the most. There are many Arabs and Africans, but the white population is very small. Looking down some of the narrow side streets one gets fascinating glimpses of the wild and rugged mountains.

Djibouti, French Somaliland. Djibouti is situated south-west of Aden and is also at the entrance to the Red Sea, but on the Western side. Although French is the official language in Djibouti, the natives speak Arabic also, and various African dialects.

One of the most interesting sights of Djibouti is the camel market, which lies on the outskirts of the city. The market consists of a few native palm huts

and some water troughs for the animals. Elsewhere is nothing but sand stretching for miles and miles. The day we were there we saw relatively few camels, but there were many flocks of sheep and goats. Some of the camels were lying down and had bent their heads so far back that one would have thought their necks were broken. It was not until the natives poked them and made them get up that one realized that that was their natural position.

Along the sides of the road leading to Djibouti are many salt pans, and beside each one of these evaporating pans are huge mountains of salt from which water has been evaporated. Each pile of salt is cleaner than the last, because it is cleaned several times before being put to use.

The city itself is very clean and attractive, since it has palms and other trees along the sides of the streets and many houses have lovely flowers in their gardens. Government House, at the head of a jetty, overlooks both the small harbour and the city. Behind Government House is a large square with grass, flowers, and palms and with a bandstand at one side. It is there that every Saturday night the Governor has a military band play and the people who can come, attend.

Port Suez . . . Suez Canal . . . Port Said.

As one approaches Port Suez one is confronted with a horizon of tall buildings with, perhaps, a glimpse now and then of the desert behind. This city is the entrance to the Suez Canal. Since our ship was in quarantine . . . the result of stopping in a plague port in the middle of the Red Sea . . . no one was allowed ashore; consequently almost as soon as our ship anchored in the harbour many sailing and motor boats came rushing up and attached themselves to the hull of our ship. Then, after a few minutes had elapsed, we saw large assortments of Oriental rugs, cushion covers, music boxes, and so on, neatly arranged on the top of the boats.

All ships going through the Canal start in either the morning or evening convoy. As it chanced, we were in the evening convoy, which starts at seven o'clock. Since we were to be in quarantine until after Port Said, we started for the canal at the head of the convoy, one strong searchlight in the fore-castle showing us the way. Because the moon was not yet up the night was very black and the lights of Port Suez shone out in great contrast. Except for the green and red lights corresponding to the port and starboard sides of the ship, the canal was in complete darkness. By midnight the sound of the descending anchor pierced through the night. We were in The Bitter Lakes, where we anchored

for six hours to let the afternoon convoy from Port Said pass us. The next morning at six o'clock we weighed anchor and sailed out of The Bitter Lakes. Once out of the Lakes we could not see beyond the small hills of sand that had been piled up along each side of the Canal. Because of the frequent sand storms and the constant wind in winter, dredges are always in use; hence the sand hills. Farther along the Canal the hills terminated and we could see for miles on both sides. Occasionally one was deceived by mirages. Every few miles were stations and always near them was an oasis with the inevitable palms and small palm-leaf huts. Here also were railway crossings which now ran parallel to the shore, but at a moment's notice could be revolved into any position desired.

Suddenly, as if appearing out of sand clouds, Port Said came into view. The whole city seemed to surround the Canal. Stores, churches, department buildings and even office buildings appeared to loom out of the water. But behind all this one could still see the everlasting sand stretch on and on until it was finally lost to sight.

SUSAN WARD, VI B

SOCKS

To begin with, I am not particularly fond of knitting socks—especially socks size eleven and a half. Some wicked imp persuaded me that knitting a pair of socks was a wonderful idea. While still under this delusion I bought wool and hunted for a pattern in the depths of my imagination.

I started with a good deal of vim and vigour. I was so carried away by my work that I finished a cuff and half the leg over the week-end. At this point I discovered that the person in question wore size eleven and a half. This somewhat dampened my enthusiasm, but I was determined and I still wanted to finish them even if the person had feet eleven and half feet long.

I arrived at the heel without any more excitement than eleven dropped stitches (one of which was inconsiderate enough to run up the cuff). I knitted the heel literally pouring out life blood at every stitch. This turned out to be most unnecessary because I rounded the heel only to discover that the whole thing was too small for size eleven and a half.

Still determined, though somewhat daunted, I decided to make another attempt. I wound up the wool and watched the disappearance of my creation with a heavy heart. For the next few days the wool,

in company with the needles, got tossed around in the top drawer. Eventually after the proper length of mourning for ripped out socks I began to work again—this time making sure that they would fit size eleven and a half. I lacked that initial enthusiasm and consequently managed to knit only a few inches that week-end. During the week my creation lay in my desk weighted down by books.

Exams. came up and of course I had no time for knitting. During this time they led rather an active life. First of all I lost them (not on purpose either) and then they turned up in confiscation. I removed them (and paid the penalty of-2!) and they spent the next few days upstairs. I brought them downstairs with the intention of asking someone's advice about them. I promptly lost them again. I hunted around rather frantically for them, not because I particularly liked them but because I did not want to begin all over. True to form they again turned up in confiscation. I rather hurt their feelings by not claiming a pair of dirty old running shoes also. They had evidently become firm friends and were heartbroken at this parting. I dropped several stitches in surprise!

The end of term is far too exciting to be bothered by knitting. The socks languished on the table collecting dust while they pined for their running-shoe friends. The next time I got around to knitting I was on the train going home. I managed to add several inches and a great deal of dirt. I even changed their colour from a pretty deep green to a nasty black! The train was full of business men with long legs and big feet. I had ample time to observe a size eleven and a half, but no courage to ask the unfortunate stranger to try them on.

Naturally I did not touch them again for ages. I was far too busy "dancing 'till dawn!" They sat around collecting dust until just before the end of the holidays. I managed then to add a few rows, but for the most part I left them strictly alone.

By the time I returned to school I had made a sock and a half and I really felt that I might finish them with a burst of speed (I had been working at them for just on three months!) I did finish them by spending several nights propped up in bed in the darkness (!) I was accompanied by snores from my room-mate and by Aloysius, the neighbourly mouse, who ate apple cores in the waste paper basket. This, I might add, is the best way to accomplish a great task (?) provided that you don't mind picking up stitches in the morning!

No, I do not particularly like knitting socks!

OLIVIA RORKE, Matric.

THINGS I LIKE TO DO

All of us have our "likes" and "dislikes". As long as our "dislikes" never outnumber our "likes" the result is pleasant. If our attitude were the same towards all activities, think how dull life would be! It would be like trying to eat luke-warm soup—not hot enough to give any real enjoyment, not cold enough to be thrown away.

One of my "bowls of hot soup" is walking in the rain at night. As darkness falls and it begins to rain I pull on my raincoat and boots and step outside into another world. A moist breeze greets me and the branches of near-by trees bend and bow to show me their leaves—shiny, wet and sparkling with minute drops of rain. The street, black and glistening, holds small puddles which, instead of carefully avoiding, I slosh through taking secret delight if some of the water enters my boots, for everyone knows that no sound compares with that of sopping shoes in warm rain. I stop and test a shoe by placing my heel on the sidewalk and slowly bringing my toe down. A gentle, soft squi-i-i-sh is heard and with a smile on my face I continue. I am not afraid of the night as I usually am, for to-night it is not dark and mysterious but warm, wet and sparkling. Each tiny droplet of rain catches the lights from the streets and homes as it falls, and mirrors happiness and contentment. A car slowly passes me and as it disappears down the street, two red eyes from its back bumper wink coyly at me and are reflected in the glistening road. A cat sitting on the curb gravely contemplates the small leaves and sticks carried by in eddies of water. On catching sight of me she shakes her head and with a complacent air licks one paw. Looking up again to find me still standing there she gives me a curt nod of dismissal and I turn towards home and bed.

Another of my "likes" is entirely different. It requires four friends, one convertible, and a hot, dry day. I put on my bathing suit and hop as quickly as possible over the hot pavement and into the car. Four short stops to pick up passengers, and we're off! The destination is unknown, but the difference between six miles and sixty seems small when you have a day ahead of you to go where you please. Our red, sticky faces are cooled by the brisk breeze blowing into the car, and the radio blares in our ears. Although we have to shriek to be heard above it, no one would dream of tuning it down for the same reason that none of us wear kerchiefs on our heads. Our wind-blown hair is snarled and knotted and to-night we will wonder why we did not wear that kerchief, but somehow it would spoil

the day. Songs are sung, each person singing a slightly different tune with slightly different words. Each tries to outdo the radio, but doesn't quite succeed, although a wonderful discord is produced.

Suddenly someone sees a sign "Lake George—five miles!" We turn off the pavement and slowly make our way down a dirt road to find a small lake at the end of it. There's a sudden rush from the car to the water, and after an exhausting swim we collapse on the beach. No noise disturbs the silence except the occasional call of a bird from the nearby woods. Each of us lies there, thinking our own thoughts, some wondering at the beauty of the spot we've found, others thinking of what they'll wear to-morrow at the dance. The sun beats down on us; we turn a delicate shade of lobster-red; but what does it really matter?

A scream shatters the silence, a whoop answers it, and the mad rush is repeated, only this time from the beach to the car. The radio blares forth its nasal tones again, the songs begin even more heartily. It takes only a fraction of the time to return, for now we know where we're going. Half the thrill of going away for the day is turning towards home when the day is over. We're home! Four short stops to let off my passengers and then I drive into my own driveway. My mother gasps at my beet-red face and tangled hair.

"Did you have a good time, dear?"

"Uh-uh."

"Where did you go?"

"O-o-o-o-oh, I don't know—some lake or other, I guess."

I dash upstairs and Mother thinks it has been just another day. I know differently. If it weren't for days like this, what would be the adventure in being young? Indeed, if it weren't for likes and dislikes what would be the adventure in living?

SHARON CHALMERS, Matric

ZEPHYR

Take a half-moon slowly slipping
Beyond a shadowed tree
Take a branch of grey clouds dipping
Into a sunrise sea

Take a dewy cobwebbed garden
Lightly sparkled with the sun.
Take an early robin's pardon
For a day that's just begun.

Take a fragrance of the wonder
That a sunrise can impart
And at that you have seen under
Into Mother Nature's heart.

BAPTEME DE L'EQUATEUR

Au milieu de l'Atlantique, alors que nous traversions l'équateur, le roi et la reine Neptune sont apparus. Le roi avait une barbe épaisse et portait un trident à la main. Sa couronne était recouverte d'algues et sa petite jupe était en raphia. La reine était habillée de la même façon, mais elle avait de plus des colliers de coquillages. Tous les passagers, qui n'avaient pas encore traversé l'équateur, devaient être initiés aux mystères de cette cérémonie nommée: le Passage de la ligne".

Mon tour venu, je me suis agenouillée devant le couple royal, et Sa Majesté, le roi Neptune, a alors prononcé à haute voix les paroles suivantes: "Je vous accuse d'empiéter sur mon territoire".

Son aide, Davy Jones, m'a bandé les yeux en disant: "Tenez cela."

J'ai sursauté, parce qu'il m'avait mis dans les bras un poisson froid et gluant. Il m'a conduite ensuite vers une chaise, et, quand je me suis assise, il m'a cassé un oeuf dans les cheveux, après quoi il a versé de l'eau sur moi. Cela fait, il m'a tracé, à l'aide de teinture, une grosse lettre "N" sur le dos et m'a jetée dans la piscine.

Cette cérémonie terminée, nous nous sommes rendus dans la salle à manger, où nous attendait un bon petit repas composé de crevettes, de saumon, de salade, de glaces et de bonbons.

Le roi est parti vers trois heures; nous l'avons beaucoup applaudi au moment où il est redescendu dans son royaume.

ANN RAMSAY, VI A

RES DIFFICILIS

"Mea mater, licetne mihi aliquot placentarum gustare?" Antonius rogabat.

Mater eius respondit, "Nolo!" Nunc i cibitum!"

"Ita, Mater," maeste dixit.

Multa illa nocte cum omnes dormirent, Antonius ad culinam tacite venit et placentas invenit. Omnes fere edit at ad lectulum revertit.

Bene mane mater Antonio dixit, "Cognovistine ubi sint placentae?"

"Ut breviter dicam, mater," inquit pudore affectus, et gemens, "eis comesis nunc graviter aegroto."

"Mater optime cognovit," ea vituperavit. "Haec est res difficilis quam cognovisti."

"Polliceor me hoc iterum nullo tempore esse facturum," sincere respondit.

BARBARA KERR, VI B

CORONATION DAY

My Coronation Day started at three o'clock on a cold rainy morning at Chigwell, which is just outside London. I had come from England with over a hundred other young people from schools and youth groups all over Canada, to help represent our country at the Coronation.

We had all heard of, and indeed had experienced, England's rather temperamental weather, but the thought of a rainy Coronation Day had never entered our heads. However, here was the big day complete with rain. We dressed in layers of clothing, since we would be outdoors all day, and then had breakfast. After that, each fortified with two packages of sandwiches, one for a later breakfast and one for lunch, we boarded our buses at about five o'clock and left for London.

Never in my life had I seen as many people as were in London that morning. The buses couldn't move once they were in the city, and we finally had to walk to the end of the Mall, just outside Buckingham Palace, where we had our reserved seats. There was an indescribable thrill in the air that morning. Added to everything else, Everest had been conquered and everyone felt this a crowning achievement and a symbol of the success and glory which the new Elizabethan era had in store for us.

The rain had just stopped when the Guards, in their scarlet jackets and tall black busbees, marched out and took their places, standing like wooden soldiers along the Mall.

At eight-thirty the motor car procession of members of the Royal Family left Buckingham Palace followed by the procession of Royal and other representatives of foreign states. The carriage procession of colonial rulers left next, and then the Prime Ministers' procession. The excitement mounted as the carriages of the Princes and Princesses of the Blood Royal passed, and a rousing cheer went up when the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret went by in the glass coach escorted by the Household Cavalry, resplendent in shining armour and plumed helmets.

A hush of expectancy fell over the crowd. The sun had just broken through the overcast sky when the gorgeous golden carriage drawn by eight Windsor Greys passed through the Palace gates and out into the waiting streets. It was as though a fairy tale had suddenly come to life. I think that everyone felt that, for there was a moment of deep silence; then, like a tremendous wave, the cheers from a million throats boomed through those ancient streets and echoed long after the coach with

its precious passengers had made its stately way through rows of Guards, past the sailors at Trafalgar Square, and on to the Abbey.

The rain came down in torrents shortly after the coach had passed, but in spite of that we sat in silence listening to the solemn service from Westminster Abbey, relayed by loud speakers. The service ended at about one-thirty, after which nothing very exciting happened until about three-thirty when the procession started to pass by once again. However, the time passed quickly, as there always seemed to be someone to watch or talk to. You must have seen, either by television or motion picture, that marvellous procession from the Abbey. The Scots, with their kilts and their skirling bag-pipes marched along with smartly turned-out colonial contingents from Borneo, Cyprus, and the Bahamas. The Commonwealth groups consisted of Australians, New Zealanders, South Africans, Pakistanis, and Canadians, headed by the Mounties in their scarlet jackets. It looked like a sea of marching men and women with a sprinkling of bands and glittering carriages here and there. The pageantry of the procession, with its combination of colour and music, is something which I shall never forget.

It had been raining steadily, and yet, as if by magic, the rain stopped and once again the sun tried to break through just as we heard that roar of cheering which drowned all other sounds and foretold the coming of our newly crowned Queen. You heard the cheering long before you caught sight of the magnificent carriage accompanied by pages, the Queen's aides-de-camp, the famous Yeomen of the Guard, and the Sovereign's Escort. Inside the carriage a happy Queen with her husband at her side smiled radiantly and waved to her people.

As soon as the Queen had passed, the crowds broke loose and swarmed to the Palace gates. You had no choice of whether you wanted to go or not; you were merely carried along in this mass of excited people. We stood, Canadians, Americans, Indians, representatives of practically every country in the world, and cheered the young Queen and her family as they stood on that famous balcony where for years the monarch has received the acclamations of his subjects.

At six-thirty that evening we left London, cold, wet, hoarse, and tired, but with the memory of a glorious day—a day steeped in tradition and never to be forgotten. Even more, the memory of a gracious Queen, a radiant Queen was fixed lovingly in our hearts forever.

JUDY TAYLOR, Matric.

THE MIRROR

In a world with so much discontent and grumbling, it is a pleasure to come across someone who is absolutely contented with her life. Such a person was Abbie Doon. She was a remarkable person, who led a quiet life but was known for the way she could spread happiness to others not as fortunate as herself. Every day of the week she had certain jobs to keep her busy, and the busier Abbie was, the happier she was. For many years Abbie had followed almost the same routine. On Monday she would waken with the feeling that she had a whole week ahead to do something good for people.

One Monday morning, however, she woke with a very strange premonition that something unusual was going to happen. All day Monday the premonition persisted. She went to town, bought her groceries, and stopped as usual to leave some useful little gift at some poor person's house. Of course it was silly to think of unusual happenings. Whatever could happen? The feeling would not leave, her, however.

Tuesday dawned bright and sunny, and found Abbie up early dusting and cleaning house for a party she was to hold that evening. As she was flicking quickly over the mantelpiece, she carelessly caught her duster and pulled. Crash! Down came the mirror, and shattered into a jagged heap on the floor. Abbie was aghast! What could she do? She must have a mirror over the mantelpiece for the afternoon. The attic! Maybe there was one up there. She ran as quickly as she could up to the musty old attic. After looking everywhere, she was about to return downstairs when her eye caught a glint of something far back in a corner. Brushing aside a blanket of cobwebs she drew out a very old mirror, beautifully shaped, with a gold frame.

"Why how amazing! I never knew such a beautiful thing as this was up here," she exclaimed, and beaming with satisfaction she hastened downstairs to clean it and hang it up.

In looking for some clue as to where the mirror had come from, Abbie failed to notice the word "magic", and so did not understand the events that were to take place at her party. Little did she know that the mirror portrayed a person not as he was but as he wished to be.

The party was a great success. Everyone seemed gay and amazingly fascinated with the mirror—a little too fascinated,—Abbie thought. The town's dignified and reserved mayor, Mr. Carlson, was late coming to the party. After entering and greeting everybody, he moved towards the mirror to

straighten his already straight tie, and stood rooted to the spot. He was not looking at himself but at a bold pirate with golden earrings and a flashing sword. Turning white, he clutched his tie, then looked at his clothes carefully. Yes, they were the same ones he had put on before coming to the party. Of course, the picture was only his imagination; he had always secretly desired to be a pirate. He was careful to avoid the mirror for the rest of the evening.

Mrs. Parkinson, the town's main "busy-body", was the next victim. She adjusted her spectacles and peered critically at the mirror, first at the frame and then at the glass. Was it a mirror or a picture of a mermaid? She neither knew nor waited to find out, but with her hand on her head she rushed to Abbie and excused herself from the party. She had suddenly developed a dreadful headache.

An attractive young housewife, very new in town and very shy, complimented Abbie on her lovely old mirror, and moved over to look at it more closely. The reflection of an Olympic skiing star smiled back at her. Groping for the nearest chair she fell limply into it.

"Goodness, how did anyone get such a clear picture of my secret wish?" she gasped. "Can't be anything but my imagination, of course—But how could anyone know?"

The jolly little minister, noticing everyone else's fascination with the mirror, decided to go and look at it himself. Glancing into it, he saw a small boy fishing on the bank of a shady stream. He looked again; the reflection was still there. This was against the laws of nature, against the laws of everything!

"Must be my old age," he thought. "Dear me, how I wish I really were young again; then he realized that the reflection had accurately caught his secret desire to be a boy, free from the cares of later life. Flustered, he began talking quickly about world affairs to the person next to him.

After the last guest had gone, Abbie tidied the living-room and started on her way to bed. Passing her mirror, she stared into it, puzzled, trying to discover what had so fascinated her guests, but all she saw was a sweet, contented face, the face of Abbie Doon smiling back at her.

JILL WOODS, VI A



EL FARO DE CENTRO AMERICA

El unico volcan de Centro America que todavio esta en accion, queda en El Salvador llevaudo el nombre de "Izalco" Ir alla es un gran paseo para turis tas, pues ellos lo admiran eon mucho asombro, espececialmente los que viennen del norte, en donde no ven un espectaculo parecido.

El crater es profunda, con mucho calor y sin vegetacion.

El tiempo mas favorable para ad mirar la erupcion, es de noche, puts entonces se puede ver la lava hecha una masa de fuego, que sale desde lo mas profundo del erater, y cubriendo por completo la falda del volcan, se resbala bruscamente. De noche se puede ver el fuego pero de dia solamente et humo es visible.

La razon porque le llaman "Ef Faro de Centro America" es porque los capitanes de los barcos se guian por el volcan cuando esta en errupcion; y es entonces euando saben que estan cerca de la casta.

IRMA B. SCHIESS

DAVE LANE'S BEST FRIEND

Outside, the wind was howling, the rain was coming down in torrents, and the sky was a dense black curtain lighted up by sharp prongs of lightning.

David sat quietly by the fire with his young sister, thinking, "It's a wonderful evening for staying at home; glad I'm not at sea to-night"

He was startled by loud thuds on the back door. When he opened the door whom did he find but old Gramps MacRae standing on the doorstep, shivering with cold, clutching the collar of his coat, and gasping for breath.

Once inside Gramps looked up at Dave and sputtered between breaths, "Timmy! He went out ta Frogs' Corner at supper . . . and he ain't back yet . . . he took the dory . . . he's gonna be forced out ta sea . . . or capsize . . . please can ya . . . take 'The Rosemary' and . . . go . . . get him?"

Dave stood dumfounded, looking at the old man. He could hardly believe his ears. Go get Timmy . . . Gramps grandson . . . that dissipated fool . . . Dave's worst enemy! Did Gramps think he was crazy! Dave continued to look at the old man; he did not know what to say. "The Rosemary" was a good old boat, but she would not stand this nor'-wester. It would be utterly fool-hardy to go to sea to-night; besides he could not leave Judy alone, and why should he go after Timmy anyway? What would his father say if anything should happen to "The Rosemary" . . . his pride and joy?

"David . . . please . . . he'll never . . . get in shore . . . the under-current out there is too strong . . . and Frogs' Rocks . . . he'll smash into . . . them . . ." the old man gasped again and stopped talking.

"Serve him right if he did smash into them", Dave was thinking. What was the use of risking five or six lives and the trolley for just one idiotic fool who didn't care a tuppence for the old man anyway.

The old man knew what David was thinking. "Why should any decent person try to save someone like Timmy?" Tears of hurt rolled down his cheeks as he slowly shuffled to the door.

"Wait, Gramps," David suddenly cried. "You stay here with Judy and I'll go".

With that, he grabbed his slicker, leapt into his boots, and left. He ran all the way to the wharf.

When he arrived he shouted to the crew of "The Rosemary", "Get the engines started boys; we're going to Frogs' Corner to get Timmy!"

The boys rebelled. "We ain't riskin' our lives for him! He's not worth it . . . him and his lyin', cheatin' ways. It's a wonder the ole man ain't glad to get rid of him!"

"Well, if you aren't coming, get off this ship and be quick!" Dave roared.

The crew looked at him in amazement. They could not believe what they heard . . . Dave going out to sea alone to save his worst enemy! He must be crazy!

"Hurry up! Get off!" he roared again.

With this, Dick, one of the crew, spoke for everyone. "We're coming too! Cast off! Course set twenty degrees due east, nor-east."

The journey was short, but very rough. When they finally reached Frogs' Rocks they could not find any sign of a boat. They circled the rocks several times until suddenly someone yelled, "Hey! Look over there." Everyone's eyes followed the outstretched arm, searching through the mist and fog until finally they caught sight of a young man gripping a sharp cliff. They found him so exhausted and beaten that they doubted if he would last long enough to be brought down.

As everyone stood on the deck paralyzed by the sight, Dave roared, "Hurry up . . . get him down. Dick? Joe? Get the rope and tie it to the pulley."

He himself tore off his coat and boots, grabbed the rope and jumped in. The sea, a whirling black eddy, cold and fearful, kept knocking him about. Finally, with one last powerful stroke, he reached Timmy.

"Come on down, Tim," he yelled; "take it easy; the rocks are slippery."

Tim took one look at his rescuer and used his last breath shouting, "Why didn't . . . ya . . . leave me here ta die? Ya know . . . that's what . . . you've . . . been prayin' for . . ."

"Hurry up and stop wasting your breath. Here, give me your hands . . ."

With that, Dave got a firm grip on him and towed him to the ship. This is the way Dave Lane saved his worst enemy and made his best friend.

BARBARA HYMAN, Matric.

THE MIRACLE OF FROST

Few people realize what a fascinating place an art gallery can be. I'm not speaking of the ordinary gallery. The one of which I speak is a very special one. The most exquisite and perfected masterpieces are near to many people though they seldom realize it. I shall take you on a short tour through one of these galleries, and show you two of the many, many pictures which it contains.

Oh, no, you do not need to change your clothes; we're not going out of this house. We shall begin our tour in the kitchen. "No pictures?" you exclaim. Ah, but you are mistaken. Now, let us look at the window by the sink. Though the area is small, the sketch is one of intricate and elaborate detail. It is a scene of winter. Sparkling white trees and snowy mountain peaks form the background, while a small lake dotted with fluffy white figures on diamond-encrusted skates occupies the foreground. These microscopic people glide across the glassy lake. It must be sunset, for the sun is just sinking below that mountain in the west. Soon our lake scene of cold, crisp excitement will be cloaked in darkness.

Now we move to the library, which holds another masterpiece—not a Rembrandt, as you'd perhaps expected—but another sparkling painting done by the artist never mentioned in catalogues—Nature. As this occupies a picture window it is larger than the one in the kitchen. It is a scene of early evening. All is quiet, as lacy snowflakes float down to blanket the earth in a white velvet coverlet. Through the delicate work of the tree branches diamond-like stars twinkle in the serene sky. Over on the right shines a star many times larger than the others. This, no doubt, is the Queen of the stars, shedding her radiance from her silvery throne high up in the sky.

These are merely two of the master-pieces which are found in winter-time in everyone's house. Yes, these pictures are "the miracle of frost."

FELICIA CARTER, Matric.

MAGIC

I have decided to write this story down before my memory grows too weak to recall the exact way it started. Perhaps one day someone will find this old journal of mine and send it to a publishing firm to be turned into a book, for indeed my story is strange enough to be pure fiction.

It seems a very long time ago since that day when I walked down a street in Bagdad clutching my parcels to protect them from the thieving fingers of the little street urchins who followed me everywhere crying for pennies. It was a very hot, humid day, and I was anxious to reach the villa which my husband, as a government emissary, had been given for our stay in Bagdad.

As I walked through the motley crowds I was suddenly confronted by a very old man holding a tray of curios. A silver bell in the form of a coiled serpent caught my eye. I bought it, but just as I started to walk away with my purchase, the old man began to speak to me in an accent quite unfamiliar.

"Take care of that bell, Madam. It is magic and will grant any wish you may desire. Beware, however, in choosing a wish, as you must forfeit something very dear to you in return."

"Poor old man", I thought to myself, but when I turned to answer him he had melted into the crowd and disappeared.

Five years later I returned to Canada with my husband. My only daughter, Julie, remained at her boarding-school in France to finish her year before flying out to join us. The day finally came on which Julie was to arrive home. Jim, my husband, had checked with the airport before leaving for his office, and we had made plans to be an hour ahead of time just in case the plane should be early. I found it very difficult to do anything around the house that morning. I pattered about the living room with a duster for an hour or so, and as I whisked my cloth across the mantle an edge caught a little ornament and sent it clanking to the floor. I bent over to pick it up and was surprised to find the little bell I had bought five years before in Bagdad. Before I had time to replace the bell on the mantle, I had to run to answer the telephone. The voice was completely strange to me.

"The airline thought it best to inform you, Mrs. Green, that the plane in which your daughter is travelling is missing. There is no immediate cause for alarm, of course, and we will keep you informed."

I could scarcely believe my ears. I sat by the

phone for several minutes before replacing the receiver and then dialed my husband's number.

Mr. Green left ten minutes ago for home, the pleasant-voiced secretary told me.

It was then I suddenly realized that I was still holding the silver bell in my hand. I stood up and walked unsteadily into the kitchen clutching it tightly.

"If you have a magic power, little bell, I wish more than anything in the world that my daughter will arrive home safely—How can I be so superstitious! Of course, Julie will arrive home all right—I hope Jim won't be too long."

As I say, that was a very long time ago. I did not realize then what a long wait I was to have for my husband. I had forgotten the old man's warning of a forfeit for the wish I made on the little silver bell. My forfeit was my dearest possession, as the old man had foretold. It was my husband.

Jim was killed in an automobile accident on his way home that morning. A coincidence is involved in his death; the accident took place just after I had made the wish. This coincidence also involves Julie. Her plane, which was perilously close to disaster, suddenly at that same moment soared through the sky with its old vigour. The pilot had lost all hope and he considered it a miracle.

Because it is so long ago that all this happened I no longer feel the old grief, as I shall soon go to join my husband. I have written my story down so that Julie may one day understand what really happened.

Was it coincidence, or was there magic in that oriental curio? With my journal in this box I am placing a parcel. In the parcel is a bell—a little silver bell in the form of a serpent.

MARY ALSTON. Matric

GRAMPA

It was an old sitting room, looking worn and well used but greatly loved. A small fire burnt softly in the grate sending sparks dancing gaily on the hearth. The faded wool curtains were drawn snugly across the window, shutting out any thoughts of dampness or cold, while the dusky walls lined with books were defiance against this. The only light in the room was a small table lamp, sending its soft beams carelessly over the furniture and striving to illuminate every corner of that friendly room. The main piece of furniture was an old arm chair, its upholstery worn and faded now, drawn up near the fire, its footstool set out in front of it. Everything in the room indicated that it was a man's,

whether old or young one could not tell, but age was suggested by the air of weary simplicity. An old pipe, fully packed, lay casually on the nearby table, and a pair of bedroom-slippers lay waiting for weary feet to slip into.

As the front door slammed, faint stamping noises issued from the hall where someone was shaking the snow off his boots. It is an old gentleman who enters, stooping slightly but carrying himself with a proud air. His already ruddy face looks even ruddier in the glowing firelight. The bright blue eyes fairly dance with its flames, giving evidence of uncountable twinkles in their depths. His mouth has a humorous quirk to it, but around it the deeply indented lines show the sadness that engraved itself there in the past. Nimbly he crosses the room, slips his feet into the waiting slippers, and sinks into the chair. Lighting his pipe he settles himself more comfortably and gazes into the fire, the homey aroma of his pipe mingling deliciously with the tangy smell of the wood.

A little head peeps cautiously through the door, a little head with a small vivacious face peering mischievously from a curly crop of jet black hair. A pair of solemn gray eyes roves around the room, until resting on the old man they light up with joy. She, for it is a girl, springs in gaily and calls out, "Hello Grampa, it's me!"

Grampa rouses himself from his deep reverie and says in the way that all Grampas should, "Well, well, what have we here?"

Lightly the little girl skips across the floor and sinks down noiselessly at his feet, saying pleadingly, "Grampa, please tell me how the leopard got his spots. Please do." And then as if on second thought, "You promised."

Grampa gives in at once, for this little girl who has come with her nanny to live with him is the apple of his eye.

"Very well," he said, "but first bring that stool over here for you to sit on."

Quickly she obeys, and bringing the stool she sits down upon it resting her head against his knee.

"Once upon a time—" Grampa begins, and for a long time his voice drones on and the child watches and listens with absorbed interest. At last her head begins to nod sleepily; soon she is fast asleep, dreaming the pleasant dreams of the very young, lost in fairyland. Shortly, too, Grampa follows suit, and silence again steals over the little sitting room, leaving it in peace as it had been before.

ANNE RAWLINGS, VI A

UNTIMELY DEATH

"Positive you won't change your mind?" Lieutenant Dobs called to the friend with whom he shared a room. "It will be a good change, and you live only once, you know!"

"Sure, sure," Mike retorted laughingly, "but I've got to write Peggy; she's always first. Really it's disgraceful; do you know, I haven't written her since yesterday?"

The strains of "My Heart Belongs to Peggy" floated through the still air as the trample of anxious feet echoed down the halls towards the temporary ball room, a decorated gymnasium. Mike smiled, drew off his heavy army boots and stretched thoughtfully on his lower bunk, pen in hand.

"My dear little wife," he began exuberantly. He was no longer conscious of the dirty, unfurnished room surrounding him. The heaps of rubble fallen from the gaps in the ceiling, recently torn open in a blitz, were no longer part of his world. He had been transported to the little white cottage by the roaring sea where he felt sure Peggy would be tucking their child, the baby he longed to see, into the cosy little crib he had so skillfully contrived.

He gazed lovingly at the picture on the wall before him. "It's good of both of them," he sighed, resuming his writing.

He enquired about their health and how they were faring; asked numerous questions and told them of the occasional pleasant thing he could remember concerning this gruesome war in which he was taking part. Most of his news involved his close companion, Dobs.

On the third page he could no longer restrain himself, but mentioned again the happy news, "Really hon, I just can't believe it's actually true," he wrote radiantly. "Three more weeks and we'll be together again. I hope my leave will be extended for good, as I feel sure V.E. day is just around the corner."

A shrill, ear-splitting siren rocked the air, shattering the tense stillness. The treacherous drone of enemy planes drew ever nearer. Darkness reigned as the lights of the whole vicinity were dimmed. The buzz became a perpetual roar. Above it, terrified screams could be heard from the dance hall as the first bomb fell, shaking the earth. The sky was illumined so that the fringe of even the smallest cloud seemed like the jutting peak of a Dover Cliff. The heartless assailants threw down the bombs unceasingly upon the earth. The one star of hope which had tried to shine so brightly

hid itself, ashamed to watch the brutal creatures below fight . . . country against country, brother against brother in a ruthless war that could have only a disastrous end, terminating in tragedy and misery for all.

Mike sprang up, hitting his head smartly on the low, overhung bunk. His mind raced and filled with panic. He fell to the ground, stunned, as flying debris beat on him as if it were alive, showing in full the hatred and malice of war. He rose to his feet. "Come on," he muttered, "you're not usually like this."

Comforted by the sound of his own voice, he collected his thoughts. While pulling on his boots and grabbing his helmet he managed to scrape together the unfinished letter and the precious picture. He raced down the long hall and was nearing the entrance when one of the dreaded bombs exploded too near. The building collapsed, and he was pinned beneath the wreckage.

The dance hall was utter confusion. All rushed madly for the empty shelter, regardless of comrades or former partners. A single figure tore away from the trodden path that led to safety. Dobs rushed on, heedless of the danger, only his friend in his mind. He reached the shambles and gazed about in wild bewilderment. His heart nearly broke within him.

"Mike! Mike!" he called helplessly. The monotonous noise of the planes drew away as the adversary went in search of the next victim. Finally Dobs located his friend and tried in vain to pull him out.

"Thanks for everything, everything in the last two years", Mike faltered.

"Don't be silly," said Dobs, "a week or so and you'll be fine."

"Please, don't stop me now; I have only one last request, and I know my minutes are numbered."

"Anything!" Dobs too began to realize his friend's fate.

Mike's breath was coming in painful gasps. His words were scarcely audible, but he continued. "Get leave, go to the address you know so well, and give Peg this." He pushed forward the charred letter and crumpled picture. Dobs took them without a word.

"Tell her . . . tell her I will always be with them. But also say that every child needs a father. Perhaps," he smiled his last smile faintly, "perhaps it might be you who could fill that vacant place, and . . ." his voice trailed and was gone.

Death had at last released him from his sufferings.

"Why was it he, and not I, who have no family, no ties with life?" sobbed Dobs bitterly. "But I will fulfil his wishes, maybe even his last," he muttered, regarding the letter in his hand . . . the letter that would always remain unfinished.

TERRY ABBOTT, VI B



A CITY STREET AT SIX O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

The little side street was asleep and the grey dawn wove in and out of the littered alleys and filtered through the heavy air and down the narrow main street, causing a murky light to reveal frail and wasted buildings. A gaunt alley-cat prowled along what was left of a broken sidewalk and picked up a piece of discarded rubber. An early morning gust of wind swept the street, raising the dust and refuse in whirls only to let it fall on a broken doorstep or the broken sidewalk. A door banged shut somewhere along the row of tenements. The cat trembled and padded on, always watching and waiting for some edible piece of food. A car roared along the dirty pavement of the main street, obliterating the early morning stillness. The sound died away in the distance and there was silence once again. A policeman, smart and precise in contrast to his shabby beat, walked slowly along the middle of the crevassed street glancing at the clap-board buildings with their broken windows filled with papers or cardboard, and their frail wooden doors. He looked to the right and saw a shabby man descend the rickety stairs of one of these buildings, carrying a black lunch-pail and holding an unlit cigarette butt between his lips. The man walked towards the lone streetcar stop and waited. The cat came and rubbed against his legs, but was kicked out of the way. It shrunk back into an old crate, growling. The odour of dust and filth pervaded the moist air. The lamp at the end of the street suddenly died out as if it wished to see no more of the dismal scene. The policeman looked at his watch and in a precise movement turned on his heel and shut from his mind all the sordidness of this place. The workman pulled himself into the street car already jammed with labourers, and did not look back at his house. Only the cat remained faithful to the little street in those early hours.

JUDY ST. GEORGE, VI A

A NIGHT PAGEANT

We left the Outspan Hotel, about a hundred and twenty miles from Nairobi in a rickety old Mercury, and proceeded along the dusty thirteen-mile road to the jungle, where we were to spend the night in Treetops, the bungalow at the top of a huge forty-foot fig tree. When we had arrived within a quarter of a mile of the "hotel" we stopped in a clearing surrounded by thick jungle growth. The seven of us—five of the family and two friends, a young couple, got out. Our guide, called "The White Hunter", divided us into two groups. After he had given us definite instructions about keeping out of any impending danger, we started on the five minute walk. We reached the tree safely, although not without threatenings from some elephants. We went up the long, long ladder and through the trap-door in the floor of the house. At the top, the first thing we saw was "Welcome to Treetops!" chalked in crooked letters on the door. My sister and I explored this fantastic house, which had pieces of huge branches coming in at impossible angles through the walls and floor. It had two bedrooms, a crude sort of bathroom, a dining-room, a kitchen with electricity, and a verandah from which we watched the animals.

When it began to get dark we settled ourselves to watch and wait. First came about nine water-buck, big grey-brown animals, slowly emerging from the forest in the pink twilight to lick the salt. Slowly and casually they advanced. Only a few seemed to want any salt at all, and after about five minutes they departed into the ever-darkening woods. For the next fifteen minutes there was nothing, and we therefore got undressed and ready for bed while we could. As the first to be ready were Roger, one of the friends, and myself, we went out together to watch. We had been out for about two minutes, talking in low whispers, when some black-looking shapes appeared . . . elephants, the crown of the evening! They advanced slowly and in single file . . . a herd of about twenty. In the pale light of the full moon we watched the big bull-elephants unromantically flap their big ears, slap each other with resounding whacks and snortingly settle their disputes, while the females placidly regarded the scene of confusion, evidently leaving such business-matters to the men-folk. There were also two babies, one not more than a week old. These were constantly running about and being a general nuisance. The elephants took about forty minutes to move off, but a short time after they had left a hyena appeared, running swiftly across the clearing. In a few seconds another, running

still faster, followed the scent of the first. He had rather a perverse wife!

Nothing else appeared for a long time, and as it was about nine-thirty we decided to turn in and get as much sleep as possible. My sister was rather reluctant, and my mother had to promise to wake her "if an ant passed!" During the night some rhino took the stage, and everyone saw them but me!

When my mother tried to wake me I said crossly, fast asleep the while, "I've seen them!" But I hadn't!

I woke up properly at about six o'clock with the first pinky-yellow colour lighting the skies. My mother was shaking me and telling me to hurry . . . quick. When I got outside I saw a little doe standing motionless in the orange rays, light brown against the dark earth of the evaporated pool. She remained just so for a full half-hour, unmoving as a stump till her mate, a handsome buck, joined her, and together they departed into the gradually brightening jungle. We went in again and had some hot cocoa. "The White Hunter" started telling us a story about some other people who had visited the place when we heard a thump in the corner. We turned and beheld . . . a baboon, sitting meditatively listening to the story! Probably he had actually come for something to eat. We shooed him out and continued. The evening before we had seen some of the other baboons which flock the woods and had thrown them some bread.

At seven o'clock another rhino came, and what is more, he stayed! We had to clash the lids of cooking-pots together before he finally pushed off. We had to get down, and it would not have been very safe, with him a hundred yards from the bottom of the tree! We cleared away the breakfast, and at eight o'clock we descended the ladder and walked slowly away down the path. It seems now like some dream I had when I was six, one of the nicest ones, for I felt as if I were standing on the landing waving goodbye to myself, having decided to live there forever.

PHILIPPA HARVERSON, VI A

TOUT CE QUI BRILLE N'EST PAS OR

Dans la petite ville de Delvas vivait avec sa famille un homme très pauvre. C'était avec difficulté qu'il pouvait leur procurer un repas par jour. Un matin, comme il passait devant la boucherie, il entendit une voix qui l'appelait. Il se retourna et vit le boucher qui lui faisait signe d'entrer. Il entra.

"J'ai quelque chose à t'offrir," lui dit le boucher.

"Ah," répondit Barnabé.

"Aimerais-tu travailler comme garçon boucher chez-moi?"

Barnabé pâlit, les yeux lui sortaient de la tête comme ceux d'une grenouille.

"Moi," dit-il, "mais c'est impossible. Vous plaisantez."

"Mais non, je dis la vérité. Alors, tu acceptes?"

"Oui, j'accepte. Merci bien."

Il y a vingt ans de cela. Barnabé était devenu riche. Il vivait dans la plus grande maison de la ville. Il avait pris de l'embonpoint. Sa figure était boursouflée. Il n'était plus satisfait de rien et ne se souvenait plus de ses mauvaises années. Un jour, lui et sa famille allèrent à leur maison d'été dans les montagnes. Arrivé là, Barnabé s'en alla pêcher. Comme il se penchait pour s'asseoir au bord du ruisseau de sa propriété, il aperçut quelque chose de brillant. Il mit la main dans le ruisseau, et en retira de l'eau qu'il laissa couler entre ses doigts. Sur la paume de sa main restait une poudre fine et jaunâtre.

Barnabé s'exclama de joie: "De l'or! J'ai découvert de l'or! Je vais être riche, plus riche qu'avant."

Il courut vers sa maison et appela au téléphone le bureau qui s'occupait de ces recherches.

Dix jours plus tard, des inspecteurs passèrent. Ils examinèrent le soi-disant or de Barnabé et déclarèrent que ce n'était pas de l'or.

"Vous êtes des sots. Vous êtes jaloux, vous ne me dites pas la vérité," s'écria Barnabé.

Il fit alors venir un ingénieur bien connu. L'ingénieur vint et fit la même déclaration. Barnabé l'agonisa de sottises et lui demanda la preuve que son or n'était pas de l'or. L'ingénieur suivit le courant du ruisseau et arriva à un vieux moulin abandonné. Après une inspection minutieuse, il trouva ce qu'il cherchait.

"Vous avez sans doute remarqué que le moulin est sans roue. Eh bien, cette roue se trouve enterrée au fond du ruisseau. Le fer qui l'entoure est rouillé. L'eau, après avoir passé dessus, entraîne un peu de rouille. C'est ça que vous avez trouvé et pris pour de l'or. Moi, je ne vois certes pas comment vous vous êtes trompé.

Maintenant Barnabé est triste et vieux... il a dû se rendre à l'évidence que "tout ce qui brille n'est pas or."

LISE QUENNEVILLE, V A

THE COST OF CARELESSNESS

All was quiet at the dockyards on Saturday night, May 1, 1948. Old Tony, the lame watchman, had just made the eleven o'clock round. The water lapping against the great hulls of the ships was the only intruder in the silent darkness. The faint beams of Tony's flashlight made weird impressions on the walls of the buildings as he slowly made his way back to a small shack in the corner of the yard with Peto his mongrel dog companion running along ahead.

"Peto," he called as the dog chased a mouse across the quay, "you tink I don't a know what you play at, ya? Come, on go back to da hut and listen to da music, ya?"

Upon arriving at the shack Tony sat down and turned on the radio. For a few minutes both man and dog sat in complete silence while the quietness of the music relaxed them. Then Tony lit a cigarette and said absently, "I tink, Peto, dot you and me is verra for—How you say dot word in English? Oh well, is no matter! In Italy I half no job but here in Canada they pay da good money to let da old men work. I am so very happy here!"

The dog wagged his tail and leaned over to lick the old Italian's hand. Once again the two sat in companionable silence. The clock on the table by the door ticked the minutes away as the watchman and his faithful friend dozed.

"Brrring," the sudden harsh sound of the alarm woke Tony up. "Upa you get now," he mumbled, poking Peto with his foot. "Dis time ve vill check pier t'irteen. Come, ve go."

The dog got to his feet and the two left the shack together. They made their way among the buildings and quays. Just as they came to pier thirteen, the battery in Tony's flashlight burned out.

"Ve know our way, Peto", he said, "Ve don't need a light."

All would have been well if a careless loafer had not left an empty crate in the middle of the pier. Tony walked unwaveringly until suddenly he hit the crate. His lame foot was unable to support him and he rolled across the cement to the edge of the pier. His head hit the bow of one of the large liners; the blow knocked him unconscious. A few seconds later a loud splash made the dog race over to the pier's edge, but, because of the darkness, Peto was unable to see the grizzled old head he loved so well disappear below the water's surface. Slowly Peto turned and walked once again to the shack to wait for a master who would never return.

LYNN MORRIS, VI B

THE WINDS OF HEAVEN

It was when the rosy tint of sunset was blending with the purple evening, and the unseen birds were chattering busily among themselves in preparation for the coming night of silence that old Robbie left his fishing shack by the peaceful sea and tramped across the lonely moors to where the bright gleam of a fire pierced the dusky ground. It was not old Robbie's custom to walk alone so late at night, especially on the treacherous moors, but this was a special night. Something had been calling him all day; he did not know what—the light in a black-bird's eye, perhaps, or the whispers of the day-hidden stars. Whatever it was, he followed now with the excitement-tinged submission of the old for a new-found belief in magic or the like, the returned touch of a forgotten age. His tawny dog walked with him in stately-paced agreement, his shaggy head ever under the old man's hand.

The circle of fire drew the man and the dog into its mellow light and showed them to the slim, white-haired woman who knelt by its flames. She looked at them in evident surprise.

"Is it to have your fortune told that ye've come? Aye, and the bonny dog, too." She stroked the animal's head with sure hands and spoke to him in a strange tongue. "Well then, old man, sit here." She gestured imperiously and Robbie impulsively squatted on the shadowed turf.

She picked up one of his calloused hands and peered at it for a moment, dropping it with an exclamation of impatience. "There's nothing to be found there," she informed the fire.

Robbie stiffened uneasily, but the great dog sighed into the light, and he sat where he was.

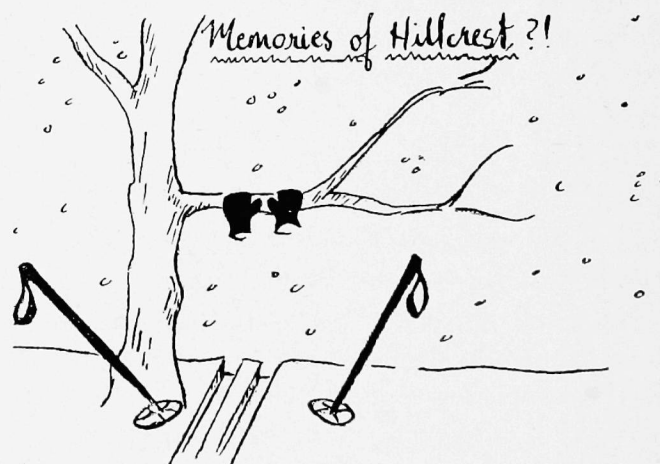
"Tis his eyes I'll have to be trying," the soft voice of the gypsy monotoned, and far away by the out-distanced hills a bugle sounded its single note. It was as if the shadowed caravan and the tethered beasts in the background faded into another night, and all that was left was the leaping circle of magic enfolding the dog, the woman and himself. From a great distance he heard the Gypsy speak through the pounding of an unknown sea on an unknown shore, and voices singing—singing—.

"The winds of heaven! Ye loved her, didn't ye? Ay, he did." She must be speaking to someone else, for surely it had not been he who had loved the slender, golden lady of long ago. "Ye've not forgotten, old man. There are others who know." She fumbled with a flaming brand and brought it closer to his eyes. He sat and heard, for he was powerless to move. "The winds of heaven—to-night. Ye'll be seeing your love to-night, old man."

The sea and the voices ceased abruptly and the background flashed back into the night. He rose shakily, and the great dog rose too, in majestic silence. He stumbled backwards out of the light into the sable void behind him. The Gypsy was kneeling quietly by the fire, watching him out of cat's eyes, twisting a scarlet ribbon into her white hair. He turned and began to walk, slowly at first, then faster and faster until he was running with a wild passionless fear.

It was the black depths of the sea-cliff that trapped him when he was almost home. A free wind lifted his tired spirit to the star-studded sky over the storm-tossed sea, and a thousand singing winds—the winds of heaven—whipped at him as he fell. "Say, Thomas—heard the news about Rob the Fisherman? Crazy as a loon. Went for a walk on the sea-cliff last night and fell over. Dead, of course! Those coast rocks could smash a thunder-bolt. Sounds as if he was a bit tipsy, don't you think?"

SUSAN KILGOUR VI B



LE PARADIS DU SKIEUR

Le Paradis du Skieur se trouve et se trouvera toujours au coeur des Laurentides.

Sous le ciel bleu, dans l'air pur rempli de la bonne odeur des pins, dans les vallées blanches de neige, ou sur les hautes montagnes exposées au soleil radieux, l'homme vit des heures délicieuses. Il éprouve, durant un moment, la sensation d'être un oiseau dans les airs, et apprécie davantage le vrai sens du mot liberté. La splendeur des sites qui l'entourent et la stimulation du sport lui donnent de l'audace. Il se balance, durant un court instant, d'une manière périlleuse, sur le sommet élevé d'une colline, puis se précipite sans crainte, et à une vitesse vertigineuse, dans la vallée qui l'attend.

Après une belle journée, le soir au coin d'un bon feu qui pétille, il plaisante avec ses camarades et évoque les inoubliables sensations que procure ce sport vivifiant.

JUDY PERRON, V A

RISING WATERS

Ominous grey clouds slid stealthily across the sky, shielding the shimmering rays of the sun. All was dark. The wind began to blow, increasing its fury as the impending storm drew nearer. The once calm river began to swell, the waves raged and banged against the shore, and the white froth foamed angrily, leaving behind it an accumulation of weeds and gravel. The wind beat against the unstable farm houses along the shore, as if at any moment it would rip them to pieces. The trees shook as the wind's mighty force smashed their delicate limbs and boughs to the ground. The heat of the past week was at its climax and the formidable storm was upon the countryside.

"Must hurry, must hurry," was the eternal cry ringing in Tommy's ears as he stumbled along the muddy road. The young boy was about ten and scantily clad, because the heat was so intense. Suddenly the thunder roared like an angry lion seeking his prey, followed by the crashing of trees. Lightning threw its jagged light in zig-zags across the black sky, illuminating the darkness.

"Must go faster", cried the frightened child. "If I don't reach home before the flood Mamma and the children will have to leave without me, for if they stayed they'd be drowned."

This thought seemed to give him courage to endure the struggle, for he began to run faster. As he rounded the bend, a shocking sight stood before him. A huge elm had crushed the farmhouse—his home.

Out of nowhere appeared his mother crying, "Oh Tommy, thank heaven you are here," as she clasped him in her arms. "I cannot find young Johnny anywhere. Come, dear, we must search for him; we must escape before the flood reaches us." By now she had to shout to be heard above the storm.

Together they ran back to the shattered house, feverishly searching through the ruins for the lost child, but to no avail. Suddenly Tommy saw an object bobbing up and down in the raging waters of the river that flowed in front of the house. Before realizing what he was doing he dove into the sea of darkness, forgetting his fear of the water. Before long he swam to the surface, gasping for breath. Gathering his courage again he dove once more, swimming around until he could descry the tiny bruised body. With all his force Tom dragged the unconscious child to the surface. Faint with fatigue, Tom felt he could go no farther, but on and on he swam, clutching the child with all his might. Soon a black curtain descended upon him and he was unconscious.

When Tom regained consciousness he found himself in a battered old boat skimming along the waves. The storm had subsided.

"Where am I?" he asked in bewilderment.

"You are all right, my boy", his mother said; "you have saved your brother; you have conquered your fear of the water. I am proud of you, my son. We are almost at Fisher's Point."

Tom's mind quickly returned to reality. How many times they had fled from the flood he could not remember. It was like running away from some terrifying beast that would catch up with you in the end, and only God would know when the next would come, bringing with it all the terrors of the unknown.

SUSAN CUTHBERTSON, VI A

POR QUE LOS PADRES LLEGAN A SER CANOSOS

"Hola, papa!" llama una pequena muchacha bonita que tiene siete anos, cuando elle ve a su padre pasar a lo largo de la calle.

"Has sido buena hoy, Carlota?" él le pregunta asiendo su mano.

"Si papa, soy una machacha buena," ella responde riendo.

"Bueno! Ven conmigo al café y te compraré una soda".

"Gracias, papa! Con mucho gusto!"

Van juntos al café. Como regalo particular, él compra para Carlota helado y dulces. Luego vuelven a casa.

"Papa," dice Carlota. "Quieres levantarme por la ventana?"

"Ciertamente. Pero no dejes que tu madre lo averigüe!"

Elle desaparece por la ventana y su padre entra en la casa.

"José," dice la madre de Carlota a su marido en cuanto él entra, "Carlota ha sido una muchacha muy pilluela hoy. Pero," ella anade," la he hecho sentarse en el rincon, la cara hacia la pared, toda la tarde. Apuesto que ella ha aprendido su leccion ahora!"

"Ah!" él murmura débilmente.

"Carlota, ven aca!" llama su madre.

"Si, mama," ella responde, al mirar a su madre con los ojos grandes, inocentes, azules.

"Vas a ser buena, ahora?"

"Ah, si, si, mama!" ella promete, guinando con solemnidad a su padre.

BARBARA KERR

First Year Spanish

BELLS

Bells, how harmonious they are, ringing in glad peal after peal, heralding the morning or quietly bidding a tired world adieu. I'm speaking of church bells. Have you ever heard them ring over the snow at evening? High pitched, crystal bells! A glistening white covers the earth, long blue fingers creep over the snow, the stars crackle in the heavens, and suddenly in a burst of harmony the bells peal forth, ripple after ripple into the night air. You stop and listen. It seems you are almost ringing with the sound yourself. The bells catch the notes and fling them back at the church tower till they blend with the new ones and become part of them. What stories they tell! What feelings they evoke! They make the little churches swell with pride and the large ones stretch their spires higher in graceful majesty. Your mind sings with the bells, and long after they've stopped, their song still rings in your heart!

HEATHER WOODS, Matric.

—o—

THE FOREST—A FANTASY

The charm of it was that it was forbidden. Many a time she had been told of the dangers that awaited her in the forest, but to her it was a beautiful, kind friend and every day she visited its green depths.

She was a quaint little girl with a complexion like a china doll, and brown questioning eyes and golden curls. She was only ten, and didn't as yet have much school work to keep her busy. So it was that every day she slipped away from her nurse, and tripped away to see "My Forest" as she called it.

She laughed gaily, a tinkly little laugh, as she skipped and jumped over moss-covered logs and tiny crystal brooks, past little evergreens and gnarled old beeches. Tired out by the wonder of it all she rested on an old stone. Ever since she could remember she had come to this stone, and when she felt its cooling strength it seemed to want to protect her. She listened to the birds singing and watched the sunlight glinting through chinks in the green curtain that covered the forest. Then she day-dreamed. She was a sprite, or a wood-nymph. Flying around, she chattered to other sprites. They danced and sang and laughed. They splashed in the brooks and sat in the branches of the great trees. She would awaken only when a cool breeze made her shiver, and the darkening shadows told

her it was time to go. Reluctantly she picked her way back, more slowly now, stopping to smell a flower or to watch a squirrel bounding through the branches of a tree. Sadness filled her at the thought of leaving, but she brightened at the thought of another day when she would come again.

At night, tucked up in bed, she thought of her friends, and if there was a storm she cried when she thought of the cruel winds buffeting her trees and blowing her streams. But when she hurried anxiously there, she found everything all right, and was joyful again. If anything prevented her from going each day she was miserable, for she was happy only in her forest.

One day a hunter in the forest left the ashes of his fire alight, and the flames leapt up and spread from blade of grass to blade of grass, and consumed the beautiful trees and blackened the gray stones. A tangy smell of smoke and crackling sounds filled the air. The little girl saw and heard all. She was heartbroken and inconsolable. She became thinner and paler each day. Out of her window she could see the blackened stumps and charred branches where once had been a living magic forest. She fell ill; gradually her strength gave out, and one cool autumn day she died with her forest.

ANNE RAMSAY, VI A

PRINCIPAL ET INTERET

Un père et sa fille partirent faire un tour en automobile. Tandis que le père regardait la route, la petite fille contemplait le paysage par la vitre.

Tout à coup, la petite fille dit à son père:

"Papa, que veut dire le mot intérêt? Je l'ai vu sur un panneau au bord du chemin.

Le père expliqua "intérêt" à sa fille.

Bientôt, l'automobile eut besoin d'essence. Le père s'arrêta à un garage pour en acheter.

Il fouilla dans ses poches et dit:

"Oh! J'ai oublié mon portefeuille! Qu'est-ce que je vais faire?"

"Papa, j'ai assez d'argent pour payer le garagiste," répondit sa fille.

"Merci beaucoup", dit le père. "Je te rembourserai avant demain".

"Il n'y a pas de quoi," répondit-elle.

Le soir-même, le père rendit l'argent qu'il avait emprunté à sa fille.

"Merci, papa", dit elle. "C'est le principal, mais où est l'intérêt?"

SUSAN SCHNEIDER, VI B

UN RUSE MARCHAND

"Ne me l'achèterez-vous pas, Monsieur? C'est mon dernier journal", demanda un petit gamin déguenillé à un vieillard à l'air bon et souriant.

Le vieil homme regarda l'enfant et, tout en lui tapotant la joue, répondit; "Je regrette, mon petit, mais j'en ai déjà un."

Le jeune marchand de journaux regarda à nouveau le passant d'un air triste et dit: "S'il vous plaît, Monsieur, achetez-le. C'est le seul moyen que j'aie de venir en aide à ma mère".

"Eh bien, si c'est ainsi, je le prendrai, car tu es un bien brave enfant", dit le vieillard tout ému.

"Oh! merci beaucoup, Monsieur!" s'exclama le garçon d'un ton reconnaissant.

Dès que le bon vieux fut parti, le petit marchand de journaux s'élança dans un magasin et reparut presque aussitôt.

Il épia un jeune homme qui s'en venait. Comme celui-ci passait près de lui, le rusé gamin le regarda avec des yeux plus suppliants que jamais et lui cria: "Ne me l'achèterez-vous pas, Monsieur? C'est mon dernier journal..."

JANE DOUGLAS-LANE, VI B

APRIL PRIZE

It was a lovely sunny day in May at Merry Farm. The horses had just come back from the races. They were tired and weary; consequently they went and stood under the shade of a large old elm tree. They were chatting in great excitement. Some wonderful news must have been among them.

"Did you see him?" asked one.

"He stole the show!" said another.

"My, I would like to be him," added a third.

Of course the horses were talking about April Prize. Just across the field the two horses were lying down, April Prize and his mother.

"You did well, son," said his mother. "If only your father could have seen you! He would have been so proud of you."

A few days later a man arrived with the master to inspect the horses.

"That is a beauty," said the man, pointing to April Prize. "He is just the one I need for jumping. Can he jump?"

"No, sir; we were going to teach him, but never got around to it."

The next day, Mr. Hobart, the inspector, came to take April Prize to the practising ring. Gradually

April Prize began to jump. He started by learning to jump a foot, two feet, then three or four feet.

"He is doing well, sir, but is too nervous for any show," said the instructor.

The face of the master grew pale. After breeding April Prize and taking the best care of him, it was a disappointment.

"Even so, sir, I would like you to continue with the lessons," said the master.

April Prize was learning to jump four feet. The other horses were envious, but they knew he was one of the best. One day a notice was given that there would be a horse show on July twentieth. Bluebird, the best jumper, was going to represent Merry Farm. April Prize was disappointed, but knew he could do nothing. The day of the show, Bluebird broke his leg; therefore April Prize was chosen to jump in his place. He had never jumped as high as six feet. The master had tried to make him jump ten feet in the ring, but he had been unable to do so!

When the master took April Prize to the show. April Prize grew nervous and unsteady. Everybody was nervous because he had a feeling something would happen to April Prize.

"On your mark! Get ready! Go!"

April Prize started off last. He cantered past all the horses, jumped the six-foot jump and won! April Prize was the success and pride of Merry Farm.

LUCY DOUCET, V A

APPLES IN THE MOONLIGHT

The pale light of the silvery moon shone very strongly through the small window of the kitchen pantry. The window was wide open and a slight breeze blew in the smell of pungent autumn leaves. The frilly white curtains flapped languidly in the breeze, casting strange shadows on the opposite wall. In front of the window stood an old oak table and in the centre of it stood a large wooden bowl holding a mass of glimmering apples. The bright red apples shone like copper in the strong rays of the moon. The silver moon was reflected on each of the polished fruits, giving the appearance of tiny inlaid diamonds. The apples were very ripe; their mellow scent mingled with that of the leaves outside. This lovely spectacle did not last long because soon a ghostly cloud passed before the moon, and all was obliterated.

SANDRA SMITH, VI A

UNE ENFANT TERRIBLE

J'ai une petite amie qui s'appelle Paule Delage. On peut déjà voir qu'elle sera très belle quand elle aura seize ou dix-sept ans, mais, à six ans, elle est un vrai petit diable!

Par un jour ensoleillé, alors que j'étais en visite chez Madame Delage, je vis Paule découper de petits trous dans le couvercle d'un gros pot à confiture.

"Que feras-tu de cela, Paule?" lui demandai-je.

"Je vais attraper des guêpes, des frelons, et des abeilles!" me dit-elle fièrement. "C'est une nouvelle idée, n'est ce pas? Mes jeux habituels m'ennuient."

"Mais Paule, ma chérie! Tu es cruelle de vouloir faire cela!" dit Madame Delage.

"Mais non! Mais non, Maman! Je m'amuserai bien!" et la petite fille sortit en courant dans le jardin.

Nous parlâmes de diverses choses pendant près d'une demi-heure. Tout à coup, nous entendîmes un cri perçant. Paule entra en pleurant. Elle regardait sa jambe.

"Maman! Une abeille m'a piquée. La vilaine bête!"

"Viens ici, chérie, et assieds-toi. Je t'avais bien dit que cela était un peu cruel; tu sais qu'une abeille n'aime pas à être attrapée. Alors, elle t'a piquée."

"Je ne le ferai jamais plus, Maman. Je te le promets."

Les sanglots se calmèrent. Je me levai, dis au revoir et m'éloignai. Dix minutes après, je me souvins que j'avais laissé mon sac chez Madame Delage. En approchant de la maison, j'entendis un cri terrible, et quelques minutes après, une petite voix qui disait.

"Maman! Une autre abeille m'a piquée!"

Ab! Si Paule avait été ma fille!

SHEILA DOUGLAS LANE, Matric



R.H.

ROB

Rob was a big brown and tan German shepherd dog whose owner lived high in the Swiss Alps. Rob's master was a little old man called Grampy. He was given his nickname by the town's people, who found his real name too difficult to pronounce. Rob and Grampy lived in a little wooden house nestled in the side of one of the mountains. Grampy was a goat herder. He took the goats belonging to the town's folk up to the high pasture to graze. Rob accompanied Grampy everywhere every day. The dog loved to roam in the high hills and roll in the soft grass.

One day Rob stepped on a piece of jagged rock and hurt his front paw. The following day Grampy did not allow Rob to come with him to the high pasture. Although Rob was upset about this, he stayed behind like a good dog. While Grampy was gone, Rob whined and barked and fretted, but did not dare to leave the house.

During this time Grampy was up in the high pasture relaxing and watching the goats, which were scattered on the hillside. He suddenly noticed that he had lost Nina, Mrs. Bristol's goat. Grampy thought for a while; then he remembered a higher ridge called Echo Ridge. It had two sides joined together by a narrow rock bridge. On one side there was a shallow little pond, and on the other were just rocks and a slight drop. Grampy went up to the ridge by the fastest way, the rocky side.

Looking across he saw Nina standing by the pond nibbling some fresh, green grass. He started slowly towards her. At first he was very careful about his steps and proceeded cautiously, but when he saw that Nina had moved away he hurried. Nina walked farther off, and Grampy hurried even faster. Just as he was about to step on the other side, he missed his footing and fell.

The deep bark of Rob came across the ridge echoing from all sides. He had jumped out of the window and had come to find Grampy.

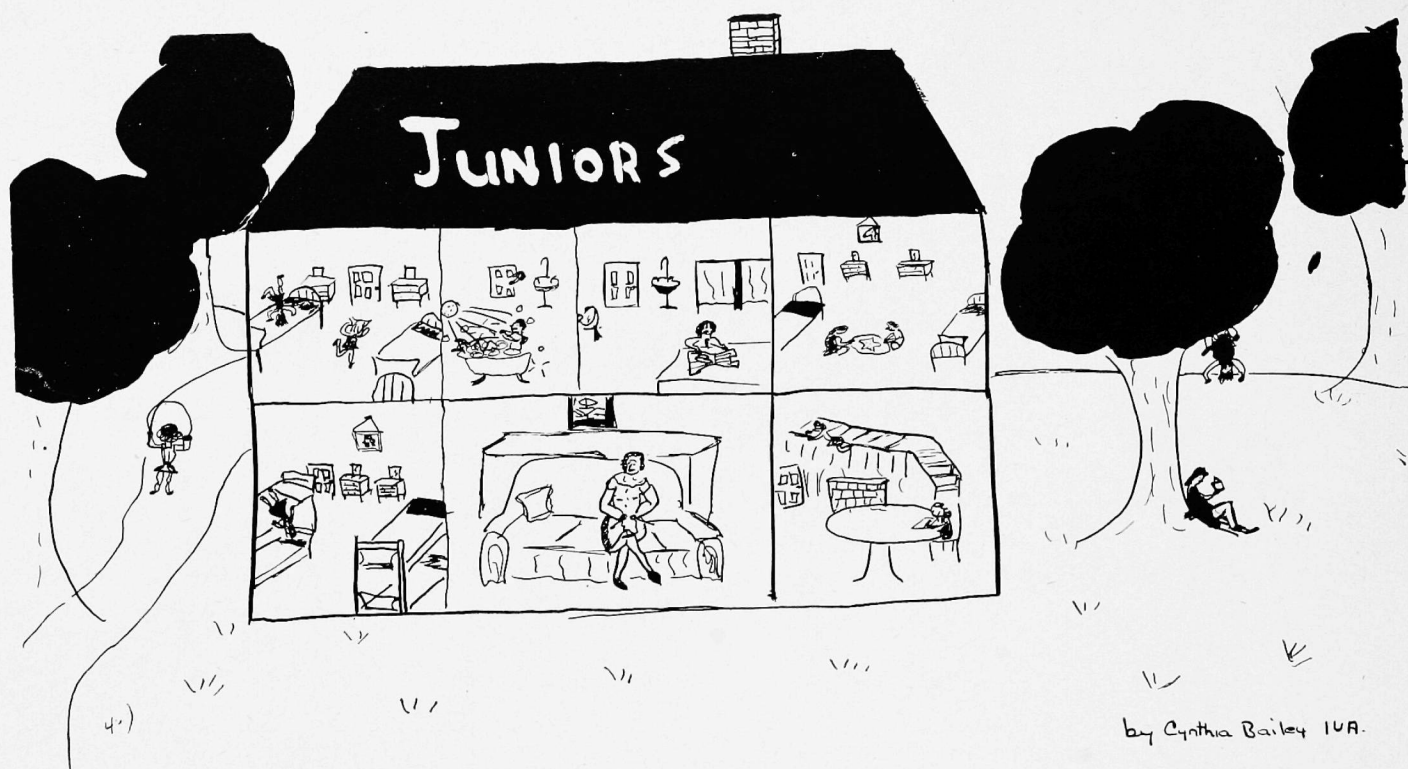
Grampy said, "Get the doctor, Rob! Go get the doctor!"

Rob bounded off to the little Swiss town and returned leading the doctor by his pant leg.

After an examination it was found out that nothing too serious was the matter with Grampy, but the report might have been otherwise if it had not been for Rob, who had proved himself a hero!

ANN IDDON, V A





THE COTTAGE

The Cottage this year consists of twenty-one girls. The matrons are Mrs. Gibb and Miss Gibb. They have lots of patience and are very understanding. Downstairs there are two bedrooms. The five Juniors in the "Baby Room" are Marcia Pacaud, our fancy skater and the youngest in the school; Wendy Watson, a great help around the cottage; Josette Cochand, the champion skier; Bobby Starke, the curly head, and Merrill Rudel who is always talking about her dog "Happy" and the twins. Susan Southby, nicknamed the "Woodchuck," is very cheerful and a lot of fun. She lives in the Bunkroom along with Julia Kingstone who just came after Christmas but seems to like boarding school, with Heather Black, who is always looking for her little bear "Tiny", and with Sally Myles, a great chatterbox.

Upstairs there are four bedrooms. Judy Bignell and Jennifer Parsons are great friends; they are always going around together. Jennifer Parsons comes from Rhode Island and has an American accent. Elaine Audet is the most comical one and is always running to the nurse. As Jareth Taylor

lived in Brazil she can talk Portuguese. Beverly Rooney is the sports lover. Elizabeth Price has a hearty laugh and a high voice. Diana Gibson is from Central America and loves to read. Renée Moncel and Angela Tinkler went to school in England, and are great friends. Virginia Echols is from British Guiana. She is second to youngest in the school. Jennifer Woods has a great imagination. As for the author, I love school.

The cottage all wish to thank Mrs. Gibb and Miss Gibb for the lovely year they have given us.

WENDY WHITEHEAD, IV A

AT KING'S HALL, COMPTON

At King's Hall, Compton, we go to the Cottage after school. We get ready for Prep and then sit in the lounge. At four-thirty we go back to School for Prep. At King's Hall, prep. is homework. After supper we go back to the Cottage again and wash and go to bed. Most of us have nice dreams. In the morning the bell goes and we get ready for school again. On Saturday we have lots of fun. On Sunday we have breakfast and then we get ready for Church.

MARCIA PACAUD, III A

BABY-SITTING

One night this summer I went to mind our neighbour's two children. One was a nine year old boy, whose name was Peter, and the other, baby sister Susan.

I was just getting Susan off to sleep when in comes Pete and bounces on the bed. Susan turned over and rolled into a safety pin! After soothing her I put her into bed, and young Peter I put outside, hoping to get some peace and quietness for myself.

I started to read a book called "Famous Ghost Stories." After reading a few chapters, I got the shivers, but kept right on until Peter, a typical Canadian boy, came in wearing his Indian suit, carrying a tomahawk and yelling queer noises such as "yippi-i, yippi-o" I told him to be quiet, that I had just put the baby to bed, and he would be going there too. I thought to myself, "Just anything to keep him quiet, so I won't have those two on my hands again," and upstairs he went.

About half an hour later he came in to say good-night. He wanted to hear a story, probably as an excuse to stay up later. I said I would make him a bridge of cards, instead. As soon as I had finished it, guess what? He blew them down. I made him go to bed at once. Less than ten minutes later I began to hear, "I want a drink of water, I want a drink of water," over and over again.

I said, in a cross voice, "Go to sleep!" and from then on there was silence.

Soon my friend came over and the rest of the evening was enjoyable.

JUDY BIGNELL, IV A

UN ORAGE

La nuit était très sombre. Le vent soufflait avec violence, et la pluie tombait lourdement sur le sable. De temps en temps, un éclair sillonnait le ciel, où je pouvais voir d'énormes nuages noirs. La mer était aussi très agitée. Un petit bateau dansait sur les vagues, qui montaient à l'assaut des rochers et, chaque fois qu'il éclairait, je voyais toutes les choses qui m'environnaient comme en plein jour.

Dans ma petite maison, non loin de la plage, j'avais peur, car le vent et la pluie frappaient les carreaux de ma fenêtre avec force et les faisaient trembler.

Heureusement, l'orage n'a pas duré très longtemps. Après, tout était aussi calme qu'auparavant.

E. MENASCHE, V B

THE SUNSET

The most beautiful sunset I have ever seen was in Switzerland, in a village called Grindelwald. It was spring, so there was still much snow on the mountains. First, the sun, a ball of rosy gold, sank slowly below the horizon. Then, suddenly, the mountains in the east seemed to be on fire and the snow turned red as if with flame. Higher and higher up the mountains the fiery red went, till at last the whole eastern landscape was bathed in a crimson glow. Next, the mountains turned rose coloured so that it looked, high up on the rocks, as if thousands of roses were growing. At last all the colours died away and everything turned grey. It was disappointing, but I knew that next evening the mountains would flame again.

CELIA HARVERSON, V B



A MOONLIGHT NIGHT

I was walking with Mrs. and Miss Gibb one Saturday night. It was a very lovely night. The wind was blowing and leaves were flying all over the ground. We should thank God for lovely nights. In my prayers I thanked him for such a good world. That night I had a good sleep and in the morning I was bright and happy.

JOSETTE COCHAND, III A



JOLLY ET BONNIE

Jolly et Bonnie sont deux tout petits caniches. Jolly est un chien et Bonnie est une chienne. Bonnie est noire, mais Jolly est brun. Cet été, Bonnie a eu des petits. Comme j'étais ravie! hélas, maintenant ils sont tous vendus.

Jolly et Bonnie vont à l'école des chiens tous les mercredis soir. Bonnie a été première de sa classe, et Jolly a été premier de la sienne aussi.

Bonnie et Jolly aiment mieux ma mère que tous les autres membres de la famille. Quand nous allons les promener, Bonnie mord Jolly pour s'amuser. Jolly saute à une hauteur de trois à quatre pieds, mais Bonnie est plus avancée et comprend mieux tous les ordres qu'on lui donne.

Je les aime beaucoup. Ils vivent très heureux ensemble.

JOANNE MILLAR, V B

BIRTHDAY PARTIES AT SCHOOL

A Junior birthday party at school means that after Prep, when you go into the dining room, you find a long table set for supper. It is not that way always. The Birthday Girl sits at the top of the table and she has her best friends sitting beside her. The cake is brought in after the first course. It tastes very good indeed. The Birthday Girl brings the remainder of the cake over to the Cottage and we have it for tea next day.

MERRILL RUDEL, III A

MY HORSE

Gemin is my horse. She stays at home in the stable. I ride her every day, sometimes in the ring and sometimes on a trail in the woods. She likes it very much; in fact, she loves the woods and the animals. I feed her at every meal. Her favourite foods are sugar, hay and oats and when she is good I give her an apple. Gemin is very obedient, gentle and calm. I miss her very much now that I am away at school.

JOSETTE COCHAND, III A

MA PERRUCHE

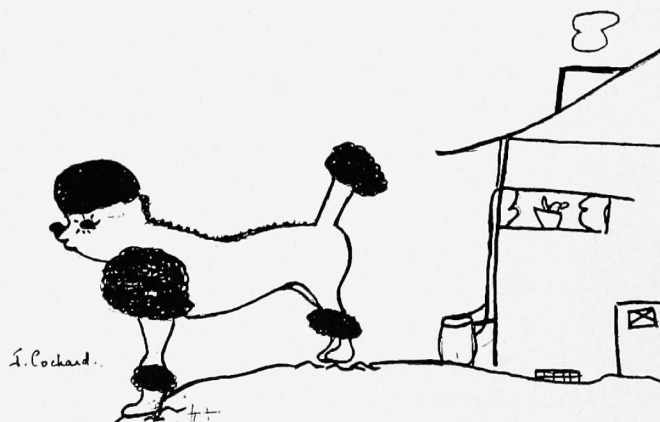
J'ai une belle perruche qui s'appelle Laura. Elle sait deux langues: l'anglais et le français. Elle sait aussi des airs, que nous chantons ensemble. Quand je rentre à la maison, elle dit: "Bonjour, Bobby" et elle siffle parce qu'elle est contente que je sois revenue. Je l'aime beaucoup cette gentille perruche.

BOBBY STARKE IV B

HALLOWE'EN

Hallowe'en is on October the 31st. In Art class we draw pictures of ghosts and pumpkins and, if we were at home, we could dress up and go around to people's homes and get candy and apples. We cannot do this at King's Hall, though, but we do dress up and parade around the gym. Miss Gillard gives prizes for the best costumes.

MERRILL RUDEL, III A



K. H. C. O. G. A.

CANADIAN GIRLS AT THE UNITED NATIONS

As my job is with the Canadian Delegation to the United Nations in New York, I was asked to contribute an article to the magazine on the subject of Canadian girls at the United Nations.

The United Nations employs, as you may imagine, a large staff, which is recruited on a quota basis from each country. At the moment, however, the Secretary-General is conducting a review of the personnel programme and as a result no new personnel is likely to be taken on for the next few months. The jobs available are interesting, well paid (with six weeks holidays a year) and some hold the possibility of a posting for one or two years to such places as Korea, Palestine and North Africa. One Canadian girl whom I have met, Olive Armstrong, is secretary to one of the Assistant Secretary-Generals but hopes shortly to be sent abroad. In most of the countries where the United Nations has special missions living conditions are likely to be pretty difficult but Olive considers the experience well worth the discomfort.

Each country which is a member of the United Nations sends a Delegation to New York whose function is to represent that country and its policies at the United Nations. Most Delegations bring the majority of their staff with them but they do employ some staff locally. For instance, there is a Canadian girl working as a secretary with the Australian Delegation and another with the Indian Delegation.

In the case of the Canadian Delegation, the staff is all recruited from the Department of External Affairs in Ottawa. (Incidentally, as a member of the External Affairs Department you are eligible for a posting to any country in the world where Canada has diplomatic representation—I was sent to New York, but Mary Robertson another Old Girl is with the Canadian Embassy in Holland.)

We have a small mission in New York, twelve people all told, but the Head of the Delegation,

Mr. David Johnson, holds the rank of Ambassador. Normally our offices are in Rockefeller Centre on Fifth Avenue—none of the Delegations have offices in the United Nations itself—but during a General Assembly the Delegation is greatly increased so that Canada will have adequate representation in the various Committees and we move to a hotel in order to have more space. This year we went to the Beekman Tower Hotel which is only one block from the United Nations buildings. This was wonderful, because when we weren't too busy we were able to slip over and sit in on some of the meetings. I managed to hear the King of Greece when he addressed the Assembly, and President Eisenhower when he presented his atomic proposals. In the Committees we were sometimes lucky enough to hear Mr. Vishinsky speak—lucky because he can usually be counted upon to make an interesting speech.

Occasionally, too, we would go over to the United Nations for lunch—a very popular spot is the Delegates' Lounge where you can get sandwiches and coffee and where the delegates congregate after meetings to discuss the day's happenings. It is a very colourful scene with people from all corners of the globe, Indian women in their saris, Chinese women in their beautiful brocade gowns. Of course, one of the fascinating things about working at the United Nations is the opportunity it gives you for meeting people of all nationalities.

Doing typing and shorthand can hardly be considered a glamorous occupation but the United Nations work is more than usually interesting. The person I work for, for example, handles the political questions dealing with Korea, Indo-China, disarmament and the like so that I feel I've learned quite a bit in the time I've been in New York. Certainly the people you meet at the United Nations would all agree that it is an experience they would have been sorry to miss.

ELIZABETH ABBOTT, ('45).

Engagements

Janie Robb to Dr. Allan Louis Forbes. They will be married June 12th and reside in Richmond, Virginia.

Rosemary MacKeen is engaged to John Ross of Quebec City. They will be married on May 15th.

Linda Palmer is engaged to Peter Souter of England. They will be married on May 29th.

Willa Birks is engaged to James McDougall. They will be married on May 21st.

Cynthia Hands is engaged to Herbert Lewis. They will be married on May 21st.

Mary Ellen McDermid is engaged to Mark Mlozewsky. They will be married in September.

Marriages

Sue Sexton to H. Rollin Boynton in October. They live at 313, East 48th St. New York.

Joan Coutu to John Frisch in September.

Nan Kennedy to Allan Finley May 30th.

Joan Duffield to William de Merle Ryan in London in October.

Anne L. Henderson to Tass Papadopoulos in May. They will reside in Montreal.

Judy Morton to Robert McCulloch in April.

Elizabeth McLennan to Duncan MacNabe in February.

Barbara Williamson to Per Osmond Langtuet in December.

Barbara Blake to Liam Steine O'Brien in December.

Janet Maclaren to David Stewart Weeks in December.

Joan Donald to James Sinclair in the fall.

Doris Crabtree to Ian Mackenzie in May.

Ann Hodgins to D. Mackay June 1953.

Margaret Byles to Ted Taylor in April.

Births

Mrs. Robinson (Jill Price) a daughter Diana in October.

Mrs. K. C. Eaton (Ruth Neeld) a daughter Susan in January.

Mrs. J. Morris (Rosamund Duffield) a daughter in October.

Mrs. Jack Williams (Amy Fowler) a son, Glen Fowler, in November.

Mrs. Douglas Woodward (Ann Cornelius) a son in August.

Mrs. W. Fuller (Margaret Ann Forbes) a daughter, Jane Day, in January.

Mrs. A. Paulson (Judy Aitken) a son in April.

Mrs. Adao Riberro (Joy Harvey) a son, Sergio, in January.

Miscellaneous

Jane Gordon is working in New York City.

June Thompson graduates from McGill this year in Physical Education.

Joan Robb is in her final year of Nursing at the Montreal General Hospital.

Nancy Pollock graduates this fall from Sir George Williams College in Arts.

Deidre Molson graduates from Smith College this year.

Bettylou Van Buskirk graduates from McGill in Arts this Spring.

Mrs. Finley (Nan Kennedy) is a secretary in the Dean of Engineering's office.

Buntyn Mavor is a lab technician in a Toronto Hospital.

Mrs. John Ayers Heald (Jane Ewens) son born June 19th, Scott Ewens. She has another son 2½ years old.

Valerie Meyer finishes her second year in Arts at McGill this year. She was one of five candidates for Winter Carnival Queen.

Sandra Wilson is at U.N.B. majoring in English.

Joanne Hewson was a member of the Canadian Olympic Ski Team this year, but was unable to participate in the actual contest due to a broken leg suffered while practising in Switzerland.

Mrs. George Hobart (June Walker) lives in London, Ont. She now has two daughters.

Mrs. Bob Fowle (Nancy Todd) lives in Bermuda and has one son.

Betty Dawson is studying at the Royal Conservatory of Music in England.

Mrs. Frederick Wilmot (Carol Giles) lives in Montreal and has a son.

Mrs. John Fuller (Mary Hobart) lives in Montreal. She has a son and two daughters.

Mrs. Allan Murphy (Peggy Beattie) lives in Hamilton and has a son.

Mrs. Neil Shaw (Audrey Robinson) lives in the Town of Mount Royal and has a son.

Mrs. R. L. Heney (Jill Foster) is living in the Town of Mount Royal.

Marjorie Bunbury is a member of the V.O.N. in Montreal.

Mrs. Michael Collie (Rosemary Kelley) is living in Cambridge, England and has a son.

Elizabeth Bevan is now living on the Island of Rhodes for a period of two years, as a pioneer for the Baha'i Faith.

Martha Daura is studying at the Sorbonne in Paris.

Mrs. Westcott (Shirley Erskine) now lives at 3835 Denair St. Pasadena, California. She has a son and two daughters.

Elizabeth Abbott is working for the Canadian Delegation to the United Nations in New York.

Jean Dodds is teaching school in Rosemount.

Dolly Ann Arnold will graduate next year from Northwestern University. She is majoring in both English Literature and Political Science.

Barbara Dawes will graduate from the Royal Victoria Hospital School of Nursing this year.

Jean Everett graduated from Garland Junior

College, Boston in 1952, and is now at the University of New Hampshire majoring in Art.

Kitty Evans is working at Queen's University. She and her brother Malcolm have bought a gift shop at Metis Beach and will spend the summer managing it.

Willa Ogilvy and eight other girls from the Montreal Art Gallery, have set up their own studio, and have produced some good exhibitions.

Mary Fayre Tremain graduates in Physical and Occupational Therapy from McGill this Spring.

Claire Oaks graduates in June from Oberlin College, Ohio.



KING'S HALL COMPTON OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

Statement of Receipts and Disbursements

for the year ended February 28th, 1954

		DISBURSEMENTS	
Cash in bank, February 28th, 1953.....	\$ 890.60	Stationery, stamps and printing.....	\$ 75.43
		Teas and luncheons.....	140.70
		Magazines — King's Hall Inc.....	137.50
		Travelling expenses.....	20.00
		Laura Joll Prize.....	10.00
		Gift to Mr. James Skuse...	40.00
		Sundry expense.....	15.10
		Payments on account of loan, King's Hall Inc....	292.00
			\$ 730.73
		Cash in bank, February 28th, 1954.....	779.75
			<u>\$1,510.48</u>
			<u>\$1,510.48</u>
		Loan Payable—King's Hall Inc.	
		For purchase of library rug	\$ 425.04
		Less: Payments on account.....	292.00
			<u>133.04</u>
		Balance, February 28th, 1954.....	\$ 133.04

Submitted with our report of March 9th, 1954.

CAMPBELL, GLENDINNING AND DEVER,

Chartered Accountants,
Auditors

March 9th, 1954

Neilson's

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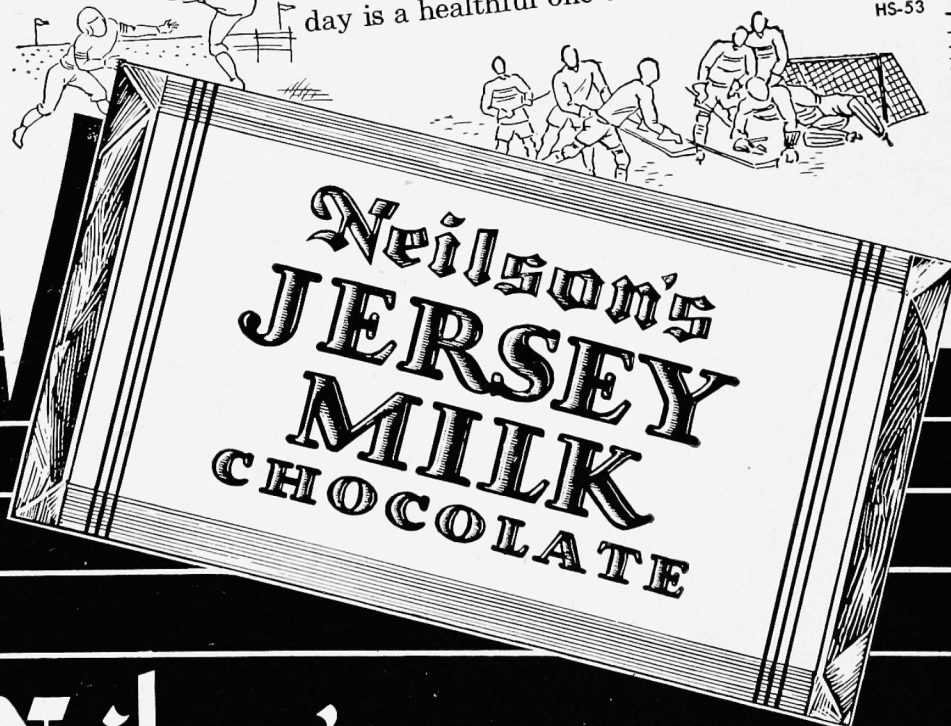
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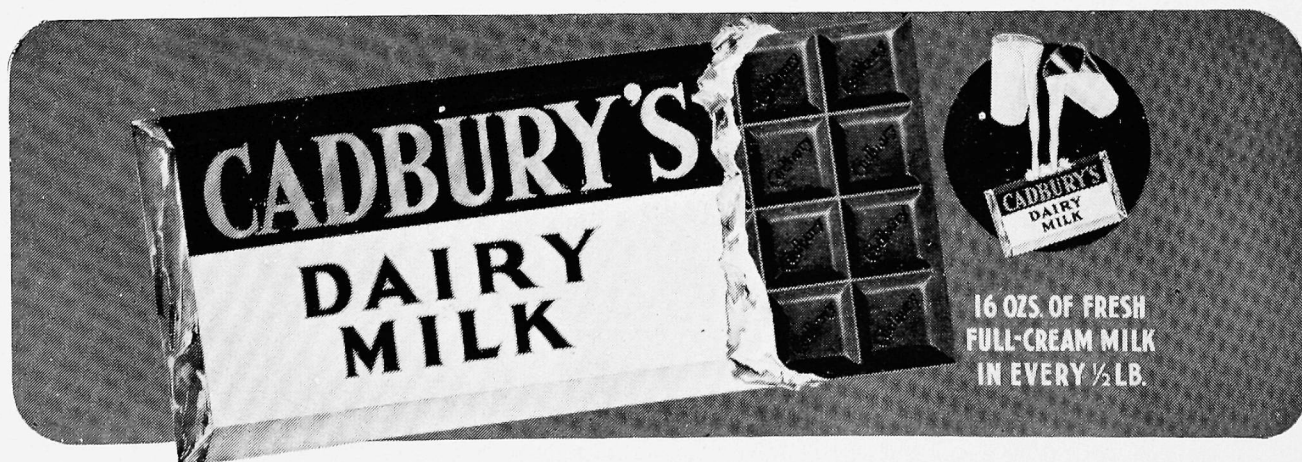
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Exchanges

LEEDS GIRL'S HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Leeds, England.
 ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ontario.
 EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.
 LUDEMAS: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.
 BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
 LACHUTE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL: Lachute, P.Q.
 THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, P.Q.
 THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
 THE CROFTONIAN: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.
 THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
 THE BLUE AND WHITE: Rothesay School, Rothesay, N.B.
 THE PIBROCH: Strathallan School, Hamilton, Ont.
 THE MITRE: University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 TECHNICAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE: Saskatoon, Sask.
 THE HELICONIAN: Moulton College, Toronto, Ont.
 SAMARA: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.
 INTRA MUROS: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.
 THE RECORD: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
 THE ASHBURIAN: Ashbury College School, Ottawa, Ont.
 THE GROVE CHRONICLE: Lakefield, Ont.
 THE ALMAPHALIAN: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.
 THE BALMORAL HALL MAGAZINE: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.
 THE CHRONICLE: The Study, Montreal, P.Q.
 THE ALIBI: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.

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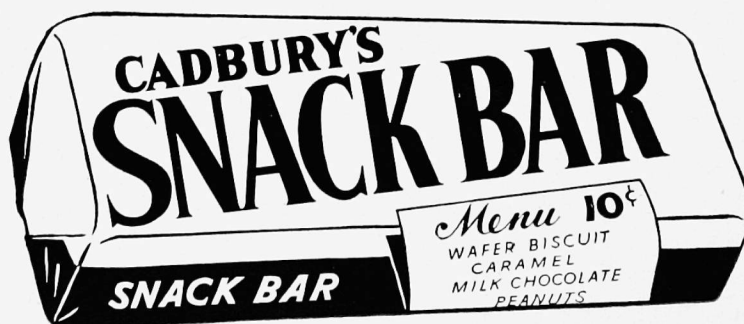
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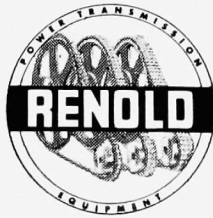
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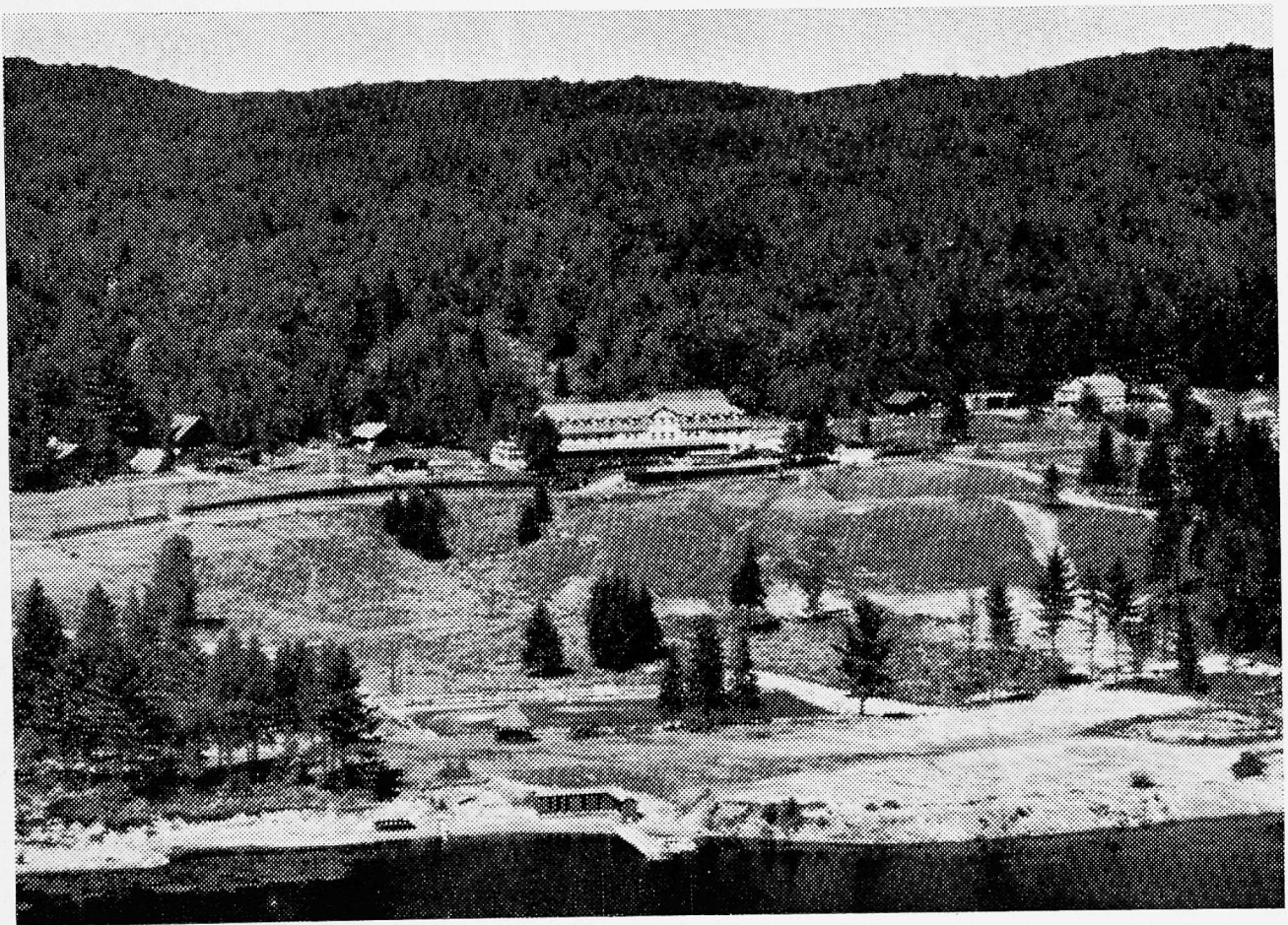
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